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**H**ERMIONE arched her neck, shook back her long, red hair, and thought of all her Scottish ancestors who had been shot as rebels blazing the trail of freedom; freedom from serfdom, freedom from dull husbands, freedom from domineering kings.

But she was certain that this would be the first time one of the family had been shot up against a cream wall trying to look as though she were in love with an Eskimo.

She could feel the wall with her shoulder blades, through the thin alk frock which was too tight for her and the only thing that kept her from sagging with fright.

"Quiet, now, please, everyone," a voice shouted authoritatively.

This was it. This was the moment. She moistened her lips again. She mustn't let the family down.

Out of the corner of her eye she watched a striped shirt sleeve moving about giving directions. The shirt sleeve was less than human. The shirt sleeve was the reason she was here.

The sleeve belonged to Anthony Pigeon. Anthony Pigeon, after prospecting in the Scottish Isles for a new film, "The Seal," had paused in Edinburgh for a quick one, but stayed long enough to watch Hermione give quite a reasonable performance in a local amateur show.

From that short acquaintance over the footlights, he had decided she was the very person to fall for an Eskimo. He had telephoned his director at once. He had met Hermione at the stage door and told her it was imperative he should see her with her hair down.

Hermione had once been told by an old and famous actress always to humor people at the stage door until you had discovered who and what they were, so she had led the way back to the dressing-room, turned on the lights and pulled her hair down from the new Grecian style she'd been trying out.

Anthony Pigeon had stared for five minutes from a number of different angles before he said, "It's rather an odd color, isn't it?"

Hermione had assured him it was entirely natural.

Then he'd said, "Thanks, thanks a lot. Have a cigarette?" and disappeared.

Two days later he came back after a matinee with his director and they invited her politely to come up to London for three days and be tested for a part in their new film. They were looking for a dryad type.

Hermione was disappointed. For two days she had remembered that Anthony Pigeon had piercing blue eyes and a nice whimsical expression, and after such a provocative beginning she had thought that it was possible he might be looking for a wife.

"Chin up a little!" The striped shirt sleeve moved as though conducting an orchestra. Hermione's chin answered the call, then the voice said sharply, "Cut! That'll be all for this morning."

Hermione brought her shoulders away from the wall. She was surprised to find she didn't leave any flesh there. The shirt sleeve was being rolled down and buttoned at the cuff. It came towards her.

"That was fine. But we'll have to tone your nose down a lot. It's a pity about that cast in your eye, it'll mean shooting from the right side of your face."

# the Seal

By NORAH RYOTT

Anthony Pigeon smiled as though he had delivered a compliment. He went on with his scrutiny, assessing her camera value.

"That mole on your chin'll have to go, it comes out too strong. We'll get Freddy to paint it out this afternoon."

Freddy was the make-up expert who had told her disarmingly her complexion was only "an ordinary make-up job, thank heavens."

Hermione smiled sweetly at Anthony Pigeon. She had never previously met a man who hadn't found her very slight cast quite fascinating and her mole irresistible. Her eyes glinted in a way that had caused a number of Scottish lairds to find jobs over the border.

"We'll see this morning's rushes in two days, and then we'll be able to tell if you're O.K.," Anthony Pigeon went on, ignoring the glint completely and shrugging himself into his jacket. "I want to shoot you in green this afternoon. I have a feeling it's your color."

"White's my color," Hermione said truculently, trying to retain some individuality.

"White's absolutely hopeless," he said. He explained carefully the hopelessness of white as he walked with Hermione down the bare stone corridors on the way to lunch.

They sat at the director's table and Hermione realised for the first time what it must feel like to be a horse with an outside chance of winning the Derby being scrutinised by a couple of trainers. Still they were paying her quite adequately for being insulted, so she didn't let it worry her too much and quite enjoyed a mushroom omelet and a tart.

Please turn to page 4.

"Help!" Hermione cried, flinging herself at Anthony as the seal appeared.





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ONCE when she looked up she caught the new Eskimo film star everyone called Puk looking at her in what was known in her family as a refreshing way. It gave her confidence, but this was short-lived.

Anthony Pigeon leaned forward and said earnestly, "How strange! One of your ear lobes is much longer than the other. Still, it won't show."

He sat back again and went on stirring his coffee.

This was too much for Hermione. "Do you know," she hissed confidentially, "you're going bald. Still, it doesn't really matter in your job."

Going bald was not strictly true. Anthony Pigeon's hair was only slightly receding from his forehead in rather an attractive way.

As she looked at him now she was amazed to find that he was actually blushing.

"Isn't it awful?" Anthony Pigeon said, running his hand through his thinning hair. "I've tried all sorts of things but I haven't found the magic elixir yet."

The Eskimo indulged in a description of a potent American recipe he had tried for the same trouble. Hermione felt it was hardly a conversation that needed her presence, even on the fringe, so she retired to get Freddy to wipe out her mole.

During the next three days, Freddy tried three kinds of make-up on her mole and Anthony Pigeon divided his attention between it and proving that green was her color. Then Hermione retreated back to Edinburgh to await film confirmation of her being the dryad type.

When she washed her ears at night she found herself looking at them with the proprietary interest of a mother for her young, and thought angrily, what if they aren't a match—at least they're not cauliflowerers.

Then the contract and the script came and a curt note saying she would be picked up on the way north to location.

She opened the script. It was a weird story, "The Seal." Hermione was to play the part of a child of a bleak northern isle, a child of nature, whose playthings were the seals that flapped up out of the green water on to the rocks. She would talk to them for hours.

One day the father seal of the tribe asked her, if she were granted a wish, what would she choose?

The child told him she would wish for a young man, handsome and strong. Her father had told her that the old men of the island were growing too feeble to drag in the heavy nets. If they had only one young man to help them to carry on the island's livelihood, all would be well.

The next day the girl went out to the glistening rocks to talk to her friends the seals, and there lying huddled up with a broken arm was a young man—the new Eskimo film star.

The rest of the film followed the usual pattern of boy meets girl, girl smiles at boy and boy is lost. The young man, of course, turned out to be no seal fantasy, but the only survivor of a trawler wrecked on the rocks.

Hermione practised the smile that would chain him forever to the island. She wondered, as she grinned fatuously into the mirror, if Anthony Pigeon had exhausted her faults and therefore his conversation. But it wasn't Anthony Pigeon who picked her up. Instead, the Eskimo and an electrician called for her in a truck.

As they unburdened themselves from the truck on to a bleak outpost of Scotland, Anthony was the first to come rushing towards them, his shirt sleeves flapping.

"Hullo, let's have a look at your feet," he greeted Hermione.

She grinned, shaking off her white sandals and thrusting her toes at him.

"They're rather big, aren't they? I mean long in the foot. I think we'd better put you in sandals."

Hermione sighed. Replacing her shoes, she walked over to help an electrician put up her tent.

The director went prospecting for seals. He came back, just before

## The Seal Continued from page 3

supper, to say there were no seal tracks as far as he could see.

Anthony remarked that that was very odd, because there had been masses of seals, simply masses when he came before.

Hermione thought she would get Anthony to take her on a conducted tour of the rocks after supper, but the director cut short any such frivolity by starting rehearsals for the next day's takes, a love scene not requiring the crowd work of seals.

Four perfect sunny days followed. Hermione got quite attached to being in Puk's arms all day long, but still no seals appeared, and the only conversation she had with Anthony was one morning at breakfast, when he reached for the marmalade and said, "I like your hair lank like that, it photographs better."

After supper the next night Hermione followed Anthony and his fishing-tackle on to the rocks. She thought she detected a slight lowering of the technicolor haze so she said sweetly, "I think your hair's grown, Anthony."

"I say, do you?" Anthony put up his hand to feel any new lushness of growth, his face lighting up as he did so. "I've been putting some muck of Puk's on."

Hermione sat on the edge of the rock beside him, dangling her legs. Dear Anthony! He was really naive and rather sweet. He probably had a perfectly good heart under his reels and reels of negative film. It only needed developing.

She sighed, lying back provocatively, resting her head on her arms, and twitching her toes in her sandals. It would be rather pleasant

*"Politics is perhaps the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary."*

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

and refreshing, she thought, to have a husband who came down to breakfast and said, "Darling, I like your lank hair this morning."

She chuckled, and Anthony looked down at her. There is no knowing how far the developing process might not have gone if Puk hadn't come up silently and made Hermione jump by saying, "You should go off the deep end, Anthony, you get better results."

Hermione sat up. "Puk, you're full of sound philosophy," she said. Disappointed she watched Anthony hand over the rod, saying, "You have a go, Puk. I want to look over the script for tomorrow."

Without a backward glance he went humming over the rocks. Hermione wondered just how Anthony's face would look if it ever broke through the technicolor haze. She was brought back from variations on this theme by Puk's voice.

"Do you love, Hermione?" She looked at him startled and shook her head.

"If we love, we make more wonderful scene together, eh?" He looked at her.

"No," Hermione said shortly.

"Love is beginning for Anthony?" Puk asked sadly.

"Certainly not," Hermione said. "Love is wonderful, Hermione." Puk said, "you should try it." He grinned at her. "Is strange and most extraordinary feeling like," he paused searching for a word. "like indigestion," he finished triumphantly. "All women need love, Hermione. I will show you."

He began reeling in. Hermione scrambled up quickly. She had no intention of having indigestion.

The next day there were still no signs of any seals. The director got worried and called a conference.

Puk said there was no need to worry unduly. He had an uncle, he said, who claimed to know the seal love call. Puk had only once seen his uncle perform, but he would "have a go."

The director was willing to try even magic once. Puk said it needed much concentration and his uncle always took with him a beautiful lady.

"You'd better take our seal girl along then," Anthony suggested.

It was arranged that the director and the boys would wait on the beach, ready to rush up the camera.

Hermione and Anthony followed Puk out on to the rocks. The Eskimo chose a flat rock and lay on his stomach.

Puk said he must have absolute quiet. He made a funny noise like a frog, then a thin whistle. Anthony rested his chin on his hand and they waited. Hermione held her breath. Then Puk repeated the noises two or three times, adding a sort of hiccupping variation.

Suddenly a cheer rose from the beach. They all turned and Hermione scrambled up, dragging Anthony with her. Two seals were upon them.

"Help!" Hermione cried, flinging herself at Anthony.

"Don't scare them away, you fool," Anthony hissed, tearing himself free from her grasp. "Puk, keep 'em interested till I get the camera turning."

Hermione, left alone on the rock, stood petrified while Puk rushed over to the seals' landing-ground and herded them towards her.

Hermione had often seen seals at the zoo, but watching them from a distance was quite a different thing from being surrounded by them at close quarters.

She yelled as the first seal flapped flirtatiously forward, his whiskers spiked with malice, his bald head creased into a hundred wrinkles. Hermione was right on the edge of the rock as the seal opened his mouth. She took a step backwards to ward off the bark and fell with a scream into the sea.

The water cut her body like ice and she started thrashing wildly. Obviously the seals thought the whole thing a delicious game. They leaped after her.

Hermione yelled for help, but the camera crew were jumping up and down in their excitement, making no attempt to save her. Anthony stood on the edge of the rock and shouted, "That's absolutely wizard, keep treading water."

The cold water had settled Hermione's terror. The seals showed no sign of wanting to eat her. She struck out for the shore in a fury of anger.

She felt the sand under her feet and stood up, dripping. Anthony splashed towards her.

"I say, that was absolutely wix. You were wonderful."

Hermione gritted her teeth. "You'd let your own mother drown or be eaten by a lion if you thought it would make a good shot. You've got about as much feeling as a... as a bit of seaweed."

But Anthony's mind was still on the scene. "That shot was one in a million, something that happens once in a lifetime."

"It's certainly not going to happen in my lifetime again," Hermione said grimly.

"I say, you weren't really scared?" Anthony asked unbelievably. "It was just magnificent acting. Now hold on a bit, we're going to take you running up the beach to meet Puk."

Puk came towards them. "You was wonderful, Hermione!" But Hermione had had enough. She tried to brush past Anthony, but he put out his arm.

Hermione looked down at the shirt sleeve. Tears of rage and reaction streamed down her face. In one swift, sure movement she bent down and bit Anthony Pigeon's arm.

"Is first time I have seen a man bitten with love," Puk said in awe and admiration. "Is your turn to bite now, Anthony!"

He beamed at them both as though the whole thing were some delightful Scottish game.

Hermione choked and turned to run up the beach as Anthony said, "You're right there, Puk. It's a thing I've been waiting to do all my life—take a good bite out of a film star!"

Hermione looked back once to see him shout something to the astonished director and run madly after her up the beach. Was it the sun or was that a perfectly good refreshing beam spreading across Anthony Pigeon's face?

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**H** ELEN JACKSON, beautiful pianist, finds herself settling surprisingly into the life and interests of the little mountain settlement of Brushy Gap, where she came, distracted with grief, after the deaths of her husband and young son.

The real reason for this is her interest in 12-year-old JERRY, who comes to work for her from the neighboring orphanage and wins her heart by his appealing charm.

Helen is further intrigued to find that Jerry is very musical. She nurses him through a bad attack of pneumonia, which he contracted looking after her dog JOCK, who also became ill with distemper, during her absence at a concert.

Nevertheless, she is all the time afraid of her growing fondness for Jerry.

In this she receives no sympathy from her nearest neighbor, BILL CHANDLER, a war cripple who helped her to nurse Jerry and Jock.

NOW READ ON:

**T**HE summer passed so rapidly that Helen could not believe it. Each time Mr. Willigoodo reminded her that the rent was due on her cottage, she said, "Another month? And I only planned to stay here for one."

Her "Mountain Prelude" was nearly finished. Sometimes Jerry sat solemnly as judge and audience while she played a new movement. His musical taste was infallible.

Sometimes he sat quietly on her steps as she played, afraid of disturbing her. He leaned his head against the settle and Jock lay across his feet.

Their strength had returned, and they spent hours racing over the mountains, across the fields and through the rhododendrons.

It was part of Jock's regular duties now to help Jerry drive up the orphanage cows. Even the stern and unsympathetic Miss Collins made no objection when Jerry brought the dog for a romp with the other children.

One matter disturbed Helen profoundly. The boy and the dog spent infinitely more time with Chandler than with her.

At the height of summer the orphanage crops needed little attention, and Jerry had a great deal of free time. After he had started her fires in the early morning, he and Jock were gone for the day.

She could hear Jock's happy bark up the road at Bill Chandler's place, and Jerry's gay young voice.

Helen found herself brooding over the desertion. She took comfort from Jerry's passion for music, from the evenings when he came to listen to her playing.

The spring flowers had long been gone—the violets, the iris, the anemones, and the daffodils, and in their place the bare little mountain yards were bright with cockscomb, flowering salvia, with nasturtiums and petunias. Wild roses in full bloom hung over the mountain streams.

Walking with Jock one day, Helen stopped to admire Mrs. Golightly's garden.

Mrs. Golightly said, "Proud you admire 'em, ma'am. Didn't know as anybody as square as you'd admire flowers."

Helen said, "But yours are unusually fine."

"I thank you. Be proud to give you some plants 'fven you're lackin'. You don't have to take 'em less'n you want 'em. I don't force nothin' on nobody."

"I'd love to have some. It's very generous of you."

"Tain't generous, givin' away flowers. It's only human."

Mrs. Golightly made up a bundle of assorted seedlings and wrapped them in a newspaper.

Helen said, "I can't begin to thank you. I haven't had any flowers for nearly a month."

"Then I'll make you a bouquet. It's right sinful not to have no flowers."

The mention of sin brought back memories to Mrs. Golightly.

"Hear from your gent'man friend in Minton lately?" she asked shrewdly.

"Really, Mrs. Golightly, I don't have a gentleman friend. The plan-



## MOUNTAIN PRELUDE

but I went to hear, as I told you, is a very old man."

"We got some old men in the mountains is mighty sly."

"Now, Mrs. Golightly, would you want an old man for a—a gentleman friend?"

"Don't know as I'd be too particular, were he sly." She lowered her voice slyly. "I hear tell you and that Mr. Chandler is right thick these days."

Helen gave it all up. She nodded wisely.

"I'll tell you a secret," she said facetiously. "I've got my cap set for him, but I'm just not making any time at all."

"That right? A pity. He'll make a good ketch, time he gets the use of his legs. You tried feedin' him?"

"I've tried everything. He won't look at me."

"Well, you keep right after him. Taken me two years to get my Jonathan, but once I got him, I kep' him."

"Thank you for encouraging me, Mrs. Golightly. And when my garden comes into bloom, I hope you'll come to see me."

"I'll shore do that thing," Mrs. Golightly was cordial. "And you come see me."

As Helen went on her way, Jock following, Mr. Willigoodo her destination, she said ruefully to herself, "That's making a friend the hard way."

Helen took her time, for the summer day invited leisure. A lean mountain woman in full, long skirts, wearing a blue sunbonnet, passed her on the road, going in the same direction, eyed her sideways, remarked, "Howdy!" and scuttled on.

She came out of Mr. Willigoodo's store as Helen entered it, bobbed her head, and hurried away. Mr. Willigoodo was alone in the store. He looked over his spectacles.

"So you're awastin' your time goin' after Mr. Chandler," he remarked.

Helen gasped, "Where on earth did you hear that?"

He jerked a thumb in the direction of the departing sunbonnet,

Helen said, "The mountain grapevine travels faster than light."

Mr. Willigoodo leaned confidentially on the counter. "I could of told you you'd have no chance with Chandler. He's been addoggin' wid-ders long as I've knowed him. But no, you wouldn't ask."

"Mr. Willigoodo, I told that to Mrs. Golightly just as a joke. She was determined for me to have a gentleman friend."

He shook his head. "A lady don't joke about a thing as serious as gettin' a man."

"Oh, dear. I've really gone and done it."

"Nothin' to be ashamed of," he said consolingly. "Now what can I do for you to-day?"

"I wondered what I could get as a present for Mrs. Golightly. Look, she gave me all these flower plants."

"Well, she's a pure fool for sweet snuff. But you better go easy, makin' her think you're payin' her

He nodded wisely. "Then you've paid her back, and no feelin' hurt. See?"

"I see. Thank you so much, Mr. Willigoodo. How much snuff do you think I should have ready?"

"Do you want to do it up brown, a whole cartoon'd be a great pleasure to ary lady."

"A whole 'cartoon' it is."

"Proud to he'p out a good customer," he said.

Helen did not have long to wait for Mrs. Golightly's return call. She came panting to the cottage a few days later.

"Just wanted to see how the flarrs was a'comin'," she said. "I see they look right peert."

"I didn't lose a single plant. Jerry helped me set them out and keep them watered. One of the boys at the orphanage, you know. Do sit down."

"I thank you." She settled herself comfortably. "And how you gettin' on with goin' after Mr. Chandler?"

"Badly, Mrs. Golightly. Very badly, indeed. In fact, I've decided to give up altogether."

"Don't do that, Mrs. Jackson. Where'd the human race be, did we women folks give up? Be nowhere a'tall, that's where it'd be."

"I expect you're right. But I feel there's no hope for me. Oh, by the way—"

She looked away, recalling Mr. Willigoodo's words and wisdom—

"Mrs. Golightly, I just happen to of got me more snuff I can use whilst it's fresh. I'd be proud did you oblige me by takin' it often my hands."

She brought out the carton of snuff. Mrs. Golightly's eyes grew big.

"Glad to oblige you. How much do I owe you?"

"Not a thin dime. It's—let's see—oh, yes. It's the biggest kind of a favor to me."

"Just to help you out, ma'am, I'll take it. I do despise to see good snuff grow stale and wasted." She peeked in the box. "You ain't used but one box outen this. You shore you ain't defurnishin' yourself?"

Helen had not been coached this far. "Oh, no. No, I—ah—oh, I have plenty more."

The visit was amiable, and Mrs. Golightly accepted tea. When she left, she spread it far and wide that Mrs. Jackson was mighty down-hearted about her courtin', and she shore did use a heap of snuff; buys it by the cartoon.

The figures of the dance went gaily on, carrying Helen along in their midst.

The good news of Mrs. Jackson's human failings as to men and snuff endeared her to the mountain folk. They became infinitely more friendly.

Helen often had callers who interrupted her work but were made welcome. Their gifts of fresh eggs, roasting ears of corn, of plums and peaches and stiff little bouquets of garden flowers made it desirable to keep a supply of snuff always on hand.

It was no doubt because of the changed feeling toward her that Jerry came one day with an invitation. He was excited.

"Mrs. Jackson, we're havin' the summer entertainment at the orphanage next Tuesday, and Mrs. Pendleton says will you please to come. And mebbe play somethin'."

"I'd love to, Jerry. What sort of an entertainment is it?"

"Oh, it's a big one. We have another in the wintertime. You know the folks around here sort of he'ps us out."

"Yes, Mr. Chandler told me."

"So we like to have entertainments to thank 'em. There's playin' and singin' and square dancin'. In the winter we have a fiddlers' contest, but summertime's too hot for a contest."

"It sounds wonderful. What sort of thing had I better play?"

"Just ary thing. Long as it ain't one of the mixed-up pieces. I like 'em, but some folks don't."

"I know what you mean. I'll try not to play anything too mixed up."

On the evening of the entertainment she wondered how to dress. Her natural impulse was to wear a formal gown, but she rejected it.

Finally, she put on a severe tailored black dress with white ruching at neck and wrists, without hat or jewels. She was conservative by her standards, but she found herself conspicuous when she reached the orphanage.

The country people were pouring in. There were a few battered farm trucks, many horses and wagons, and others had come by oxcart or on foot. Everyone was in Sunday best, the men in ancient shiny suits with stiff collars, the women mostly in clean calico prints, their hair in tight-combed twists, their faces scrubbed and shining.

Please turn to page 10

Page 5

Always look for the name MORLEY on Underwear...



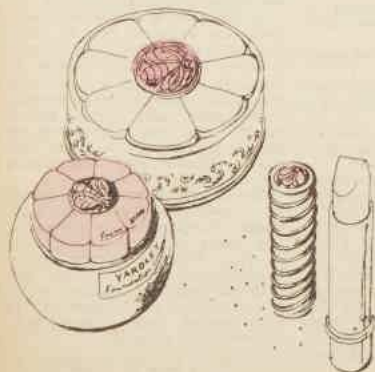


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# THE SECOND ROCHAMBEAU

By E. C. HORNSBY

**I**NSTINCT? I saw a pretty surprising example of it not so long ago. At least I suppose it was instinct. Anyway . . . I was with Allied Control, in a small town on the border of Alsace. During the war the inhabitants had been scattered, local industries disrupted, and as for distribution it was just a nightmare.

However, we gradually managed to get a bit of order out of chaos, and I was very fortunate in the mayor of the place, with whom I had to work. A great little chap, who had stuck it out through the war.

He had a great deal to tell me about the town and its identities, and in all this talk he spoke frequently and warmly of his great friend, Paul Rochambeau.

"But this Rochambeau," I asked him at length. "Why don't I meet him? Where is he?"

"He and his wife were sent to a concentration camp," answered the mayor gravely. "To Baumberg."

I could make no reply. If his friends had been sent to that most notorious concentration camp, the chance of their return was extremely small.

Baumberg then was in the news, because its commandant, Heinrich Luther, had disappeared. The intelligence people were out like a pack of bloodhounds after him all over Europe.

They were gradually dispersing the prisoners at Baumberg, and one day I had a list of those who were to be sent back to my particular town. It included the name of Paul Rochambeau.

I went into the mayor's office. He had in his hands a similar list, and he was crying openly.

"He is alive," he cried. "He comes back. Rochambeau. My old Paul Rochambeau." Then suddenly sobering: "But there is nothing about his wife. The poor little one."

A few days later the door of my office burst open, and in came the mayor, his arms around another chap.

"Behold," he cried dramatically, "Paul Rochambeau," and wrapped him in his arms again.

Eventually they sorted themselves out, and I had a good look at Paul. He seemed an average sort of little chap, whiskered, slightly bald. Not exactly a hero-looking type perhaps, but heroism took up some strange dwelling places during the war.

He was rather more self-possessed than I should have anticipated. He answered questions with composure, and then poured out a flood of questions in his turn. He seemed to know everybody in the place, and all their relatives for miles around. Only twice did his composure desert him. Once was when the mayor made some reference to his wife.

"She died," said Rochambeau, lips trembling. "In Baumberg." He broke down and cried.

The second time was when Luther's name was mentioned and he nearly went berserk. Eventually the mayor got him quieted and took him away.

I stood looking after them a bit puzzled. Somehow I didn't like Rochambeau. I knew I ought to, but I didn't.

Paul Rochambeau was duly installed in his old place. His friends rallied round and, in addition to starting up his business again, he resumed his position as one of the Town Council.

His right hand was injured. It had been hit by a bullet fired by one of the guards. He was learning to write again with his left hand, but it was a slow business. Meantime there were plenty of people to vouch for him at the bank, where he was apparently a man of substance.

Then one evening the Chief of Police sent for me.

"I would like your advice," he said. "My men have picked up a man wandering in the woods; a man without papers."

"Hardly my department," I hinted.

"Surely M. le Maire—"

"But he is such a friend of his."

"Of whom?" I asked, bewildered.

"Of M. Paul Rochambeau. You see," he went on, "this man claims he is Paul Rochambeau."

"Then who is—"

The chief stuck his face suddenly and dramatically within an inch of mine. "Heinrich Luther," he hissed.

I laughed.

"Surely," I said, "this is too fantastic. You cannot take the word of a homeless vagabond, without papers, against a citizen of reputation whom you have all acknowledged."

The chief shook a doubtful head.

"I know," he said. "But it is like the story of Hans Andersen. Once it is pointed out, you begin to wonder, you yourself, if the robes are actually there. I have noticed little things about this M. Paul Rochambeau, small matters he is wrong about, little things he has forgotten—"

"Easy enough when you have been away in a concentration camp."

"Perhaps," he said, "but—" and his shoulders shot up.

We had the claimant in. I was utterly shocked. There was no resemblance whatever to the other Rochambeau. This was a bowed, grey-haired, shambling figure who seemed fifty twenty years older than the other.

He did not seem interested in anything, even in his own identity, but the story we managed to build up from what he told us over many weary hours was this:

He, Paul, had been sent to the Baumberg Camp, and had been interviewed by the commandant Heinrich himself. Heinrich Luther had apparently been struck by a likeness between them.

Probably with the scheme he had in mind Heinrich was on the lookout for such a likeness among the thousands in his charge, for he apparently saw the game was up and was making his plans to escape.

He had taken Paul's papers when he was first sent to the camp, and eventually he proceeded to take his identity.

Hour after hour, day after day, he had the chap in his office, questioning him on the minutest details of his life, until he had it all off pat.

He spoke French fluently.

Paul's wife was already dead, and finally, when it became a matter of hours, Heinrich gave orders for Paul to be sent to the gas chamber, and himself went out and took Paul's place among the prisoners, taking the precaution of wounding himself in the hand to get over the little difficulty of the handwriting.

There was only one slip. The guards responsible for disposing of Paul had given way to sudden panic. In their haste they hadn't shackled him properly, and he had managed to roll off the lorry taking the last load to the death-chamber.

The guards had loosed off their revolvers at him. They saw him go down and then they dashed on. But life was still in him.

What had happened after that was most hazy, but he had apparently been nursed by someone or other, had recovered sufficiently to go wandering off, hiding from authority everywhere.

Finally, he had arrived at his own town again.

That was the story, told by a man obviously more than a little unstable



"Come to me, one at a time," Madame said, holding out her arms.

and hardly able to form a connected sentence. I believed every word of it.

We sent for the mayor and told him. He was first annoyed, and then furiously angry. The fellow was brought in, and after an incredulous stare which the vagrant bore without a glimmer of either recognition or resentment, the mayor broke into a furious roar of laughter.

"That my old friend Paul Rochambeau!" he cried. "That grey-haired old scarecrow!"

"Is he as you would expect your friend to look after many years in a concentration camp?" I asked quietly.

There was a pause while he struggled with himself.

"Pardon me, my friend," he said eventually. "Yes, after such an experience he would look just as this poor fellow does. I was wrong to laugh, but it is not my friend Paul Rochambeau."

The matter was too important to leave like that, and I passed word along to Intelligence. They contacted the French authorities, and a committee of investigation was appointed. Eventually M. Paul Rochambeau, the first M. Paul Rochambeau, was called to the police headquarters and informed of the accusation against him.

He did not even express resentment against the vagrant, but was surprised and hurt that we should consider for a moment the word of such a poor afflicted against him.

## A mother's instinct was surer than all their carefully gathered records.

He produced his papers again. They were perfectly in order. The photographs were his, as were the finger-prints. The finger-prints of the vagrant when taken did not correspond. But it was possible, of course, that the original finger-prints might have been removed (since no ink is truly indelible to science nowadays) and others substituted.

When we called for the dossier of Paul Rochambeau, however, a peculiar circumstance came to light. Towards the latter-end of the German occupation the SS had made a sudden raid on the police headquarters, and in one of their seemingly pointless drives had destroyed a complete section of dossiers, including that of Rochambeau.

It might have been coincidence, but equally it could have been the sort of thing Luther could have arranged.

Search was made of the Nazi Party record-cards in Berlin, and Luther's details were found. The measurements and other data could have applied to Rochambeau; but equally

they could have applied to the second Paul, or for that matter to many thousands of others.

Witnesses were brought from Baumberg, but the results were not conclusive. For some time Heinrich had been carefully withdrawing himself from general observation, and of those who were brought along, some thought there was a strong resemblance; others thought there was very little.

The weight of such evidence was more than counterbalanced by the French faction, led by the mayor, who swore all the way through that it was their own Paul Rochambeau.

We had discovered only one thing that might have been of assistance and yet didn't seem to connect up. The second Paul Rochambeau had only four toes on his right foot.

There was no reference to any such peculiarity in the papers held by the first Paul, but that particular section could have been erased, the papers generally being smudged and greasy.

It was the mayor who finally suggested a solution. He came to me one evening.

"My friend," he said, sadly, "we are on opposite sides in this affair, and that is not right. There is one proof which only I and Paul know. He told me when he first came here, and we have not mentioned it since. His mother lived not twenty miles from here. If she is still alive, bring her here and she will surely know her own son."

I jumped up. "Why didn't you say so before?" I cried.

He looked uncomfortable. "Paul was estranged from his mother," he explained. "They have not seen one another for thirty years. They quarrelled over his wife, whom he married although she had no dot. Only once has he spoken to me of it, to others never."

We swung into action immediately and located the old lady, still living, although she was an invalid hardly able to move from her room. We turned out a huge old police car and sent it across for her.

Both the men were, of course, being kept under detention, and I was in the hall of the gaol when Madame arrived. She was brought in, leaning heavily on the arms of two policemen.

She was an absolute mountain of a woman, and her every limb and feature were swollen to a grotesque extent. She breathed laboriously, as though the vast weight of her body pressed on her very lungs. Her hair was snow white and hung down to her shoulders.

They propped her into a large throne-like chair on a platform at the end of the room.

We had much ado in telling her why she had been brought there. She was deaf and very slow to grasp anything. She had had fifteen children, she told us, and seemed doubtful which one it was we sought.

When we mentioned the name Paul, she repeated it to herself several times as though it were unfamiliar. She had heard the name of Heinrich Luther, though, there was no mistaking that.

Finally we brought the two men in. They were clad alike in white shirts and trousers, and their feet were bare. Together they went forward to that motionless figure propped on the chair, then halted before her.

"Come to me," she said, in what must have been a rich contralto voice. "Come to me, one at a time," and she held out her arms.

The second Rochambeau went forward, and she folded him in her arms and drew him to her gargantuan bosom. She cradled him there like a child for a moment. Then she released him.

"Now the other," she commanded. The original Paul hesitated, white to the lips, and then went forward. She repeated the performance and then slowly and caressingly lifted his face to hers with one hand.

Next second, with a scream, he staggered back, blood flowing from his torn eye and face where her still powerful fingers had clawed it across like steel hooks.

In the pain and confusion he spat out one word, a good round German oath that no Frenchman would ever think of applying to a lady, especially one reputed to be his "maman."

Then we had him. The old lady turned up trumps all right, produced a photograph taken years ago of baby Paul. One of those awful things of a sprawling infant reclining naked on a furry rug, and there, as though presented purposely to the camera, were the four toes, and every one good enough to put a bullet through Heinrich.

That is why I say there is an instinct in such affairs. Otherwise how could that old lady, mother of fifteen children, with one she had not seen for thirty years, and too deaf even to hear the tone of his voice, immediately know, directly she took him in her arms, which was her own child?

By the missing toe? Yes, they were barefooted. But I should have told you before—Madame Rochambeau was totally blind.

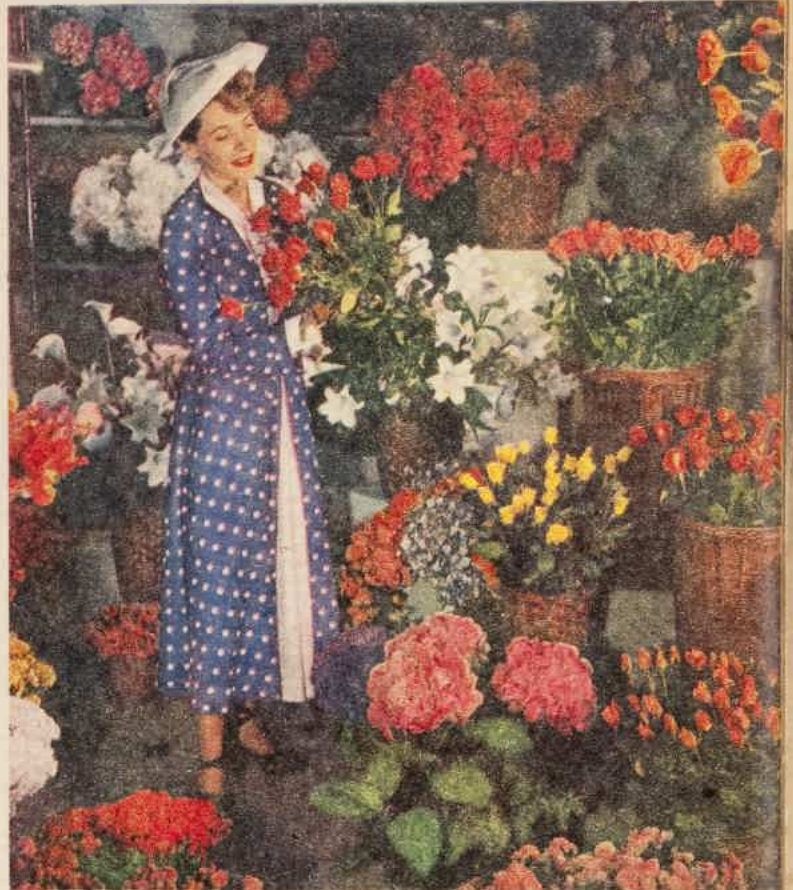
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# Our Paris



● Striped shorts peep out from the swathed skirt in a strapless red swimsuit worn by Yanick Gulchard and designed by Carven. Huge hat, also by Carven, is of woven natural-colored raffia with deep fringe edging. Thongs lace high above the ankles in white sandals. Swimsuit and hat are in our collection.



● Flowers on a Parisian stall make a vivid background for Maya Leroy, who wears a blue-and-white spotted cotton poplin morning frock trimmed with pique. It is in our collection. Was designed by Jacques Fath.

②

● The new line in coats, with the fullness falling straight from the shoulder, is shown in this model by Worth, worn by Paule Paulus when she was photographed against a background of Worth's accessories of all kinds. She wears a head-hugging matching hat.

③





# Mannequins<sup>★</sup>

...in glamorous  
French creations



● The small waist and ample hips necessary to show this season's Paris creations at their best are produced by balconettes, wasp-waisted foundations. Those worn here by Yanick Guichard and Mouny Neussbaum were designed by Carven.

★ The four lovely Paris mannequins who will fly to Australia to take part in our Paris Fashion Parades are shown here and on the cover, where Yanick Guichard and Mouny Neussbaum are at the back, and Maya Leroy and Paule Paulus in front. Some of the creations on these pages will be seen at our parades.



● Red faille billows into an enchanting skirt in an evening gown designed by Worth and worn by Paule Paulus and an unusual podded roll elopes round the hip-line in the Worth model worn by Maya Leroy. It is of blue crepe and is accompanied by a cerise chiffon cloak.

⑨

● Striped linen is cut to form a close-fitting bodice and flared skirt in the spectator sports frock worn by Mouny Neussbaum. She carries an amusing flower-pot handbag. Yanick Guichard's resort frock is of blue and white spotted poplin, and is made with bare shoulders, full skirt. Both are in our collection.

⑨







**HER FLAWLESS SKIN** inspires a lasting love... how could he resist the wonder of the lovely, unblemished complexion endowed by her beauty soap, Rexona. Its silken, gently-medicated lather tones the skin while cleansing away the impurities that cause ugly skin faults. Rexona's gentle medicament is Cadyt, the exclusive compound comprising oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth and Boryl Acetate—all proven aids in the achievement of complexion loveliness.

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They're smart—  
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*Lovely to look at—  
Lovelier to wear*

**HILTON**  
FULL FASHIONED Stockings

## Mountain Prelude

Continued from page 5

**J**ERRY was waiting for Helen at the door. Of the many garments she had bought for him, he had kept only the plaid lumberjacket. He wore this proudly, though the night was warm.

The entertainment was to be held in the orphanage dining-room. Tables had been removed, and an improvised platform erected at one end of the room. An upright piano stood on the platform.

Jerry said, "Mr. Bill come too. He purely loves the singin'."

Chandler was sitting near the platform, and Jerry escorted Helen to a seat beside him.

She said, "This is quite an occasion, isn't it?"

He said, "Better not be high-hat. You haven't heard music until you've heard the old mountain ballads and dance tunes."

She said indignantly, "I'm not being high-hat at all. I made a civil remark."

"All right, concert pianist. Just you wait."

Mrs. Gollightly and Miss Poppers stopped to speak to Helen. They looked archly at Chandler and passed on.

"Did you see those looks?" he whispered. "Do you think they're courting me?"

"No. But I'm supposed to be."

His eyebrows shot up. "The iceberg goes to the mouse."

"And you might as well know everything. I use sweet snuff. By the 'cartoon.'"

For the first time she heard him laugh, uproariously, as a healthy man can laugh. He wiped his eyes.

"I do think I should be the first to know these things," he said.

The room was packed. Since the dancing would come last, the visitors spread out and pulled their chairs into the centre of the room. The programme began.

A quartet sang an old Scottish ballad. A mountain boy plucked his guitar and sang a song that went back to the time of Shakespeare.

A mountain girl, straight as a maple sapling, bending to the music like a willow, her golden hair falling around her shoulders, clasped her hands before her and sang a melody so heart-breaking that Helen, with the rest of the audience, felt close to tears.

"And now," said Mrs. Pendleton, "a lady who has been in our midst this summer will play the piano."

Helen went nervously to the piano. It was out of tune, but some of the keys still rang clear and true. She had planned to play some classical piece, but instead played the refrain from her Mountain Prelude that she had adapted from Jerry's tune on his harmonica.

There was a great stamping of feet and a thunder of applause when she finished.

It was time for the dancing. A fiddler, a guitarist, and a lad on the harmonica made up the orchestra. There was a murmur of voices.

Mr. Williegoode, as the caller of figures, was making the grand entrance. He bowed right and left like a prima donna. He walked to a tiny girl, bowed from the waist and took her hand in his. A stripling of no more than seventeen led out an elderly matron.

Helen whispered to Chandler, "What a strange combination."

He whispered back, "Age doesn't have a thing to do with it. It's only a matter of who knows the figures and who's the best dancer."

The musicians struck up a tune and Mr. Williegoode called the first figure. He was magnificent. "Bird in the cage!" he called.

The bird figure was made up of groups of two pairs of partners. Males and females alternated as the "bird in the cage," standing quiet or whirling about, as the fancy took them, while the remaining three danced around and around the bird. Mr. Williegoode watched sharply for the moment when a male was the bird.

He called out in singsong:

"Bird out,  
Buzzard in,  
Purty good bird,  
For the shape he's in."

He broke the figure, calling another, and the dancers moved like mating birds, the men on one side,

the women on the other, approaching and receding in graceful waves.

The figures changed again, partners danced together as they pleased, and, at Mr. Williegoode's cry, moved on to a new figure.

Every now and then there was an opportunity for individual dancing, and a returned serviceman, with the ballad singer with the golden hair for a partner, danced with her as the angels might dance.

The orchestra scraped and plucked and blew. The dance was strenuous, the dancers sweating. At last the fiddler laid down his bow.

"I'm tired!" he called to the assembly.

"Me too!" called the guitar player.

The dancers grumbled.

"A pity the music can't keep up with the dance!" they yelled.

The fiddler yelled back, "Well, some of you hearty folk just come up here and play!"

Helen felt a sudden impulse, "I'll play while you rest!"

She went to the piano and swung into a Hungarian gipsy dance. The tempo was not right for a square dance, but the round dancers were hard at work immediately. Again and again she played, and on the fiddler's jealous insistence that he felt right fresh, he released her. The square dancing resumed.

Jerry came to her shyly, "Would you mebbe dance with me?"

"Why, Jerry, I'd be lost! Can you do all those figures?"

"Yessum. All you got to do is follow me."

He led her to the floor as the new circle formed. He was as proud as Punch. She made a sign to Chandler of her qualms, and he only grinned, but in a moment Jerry was swinging her like an old-timer.

Each partner to whom she progressed handled her expertly and whispered what she was to do. There was a great exhilaration in the community dance. The young bloods kicked up their heels like colts, and the old men and women and the children were unbelievably graceful.

Presently there came an unexpected diversion.

The absence of his family was too much for Jock. He had worked at the cottage door until he got it open, had dashed up the road to the orphanage and was inside.

He went unerringly to Jerry and Helen, and to Chandler. He followed Jerry and Helen through the figures without their noticing. He was definitely laughing with pleasure, his plumed tail waving.

Helen said, "No, Jock, no," but the other dancers smiled and said, "Leave him be. He's pleasin' himself."

The dance was so friendly, the mountain folk so kindly. There was room for a dog who was pleasin' himself. Helen felt a great warmth steal through her as the dance went gaily on, carrying her along in its midst.

Eventually, the fiddler played "Home, Sweet Home," and the entertainment was over.

Jerry said, "You done fine, Miss Jackson. Folkses is sayin' you fits in good."

It was a greater accolade than that of her concert audiences.

Chandler insisted on seeing her home. At her door, he said gently, "You've given a great deal of pleasure to-night."

"But I've never had such a good time!"

"You know why, don't you?"

She puzzled over his words as she undressed for bed. She knew the answer—that she had participate—but it was still too much to acknowledge.

When she first saw the man at her door, Helen did not recognise him. Then she identified him as the fiddler at the orphanage entertainment. He bowed stiffly.

"Miss Jackson," he said, "us is havin' us a fox chase to-night. We figgered mebbe it'd be somethin' different to you, and we'd be proud did you come to the chase."

Before she could speak, he added, "Mr. Bill is a-comin', and often you was to speak to the orphanage, reckon they'd leave that little of Jerry come, too. He dearly loves a fox chase."

Please turn to page 13

## Interesting People



**MISS STEPHANIE EDEY**  
... Spanish dancer

**AFTER** two years in England studying under Spanish dancer Brunellaschi and touring provinces with Polish Ballet, Australian Stephanie Edye has been giving dance recitals in Paris. Previously visited Spain, speaks language. For professional purposes has changed name to Consuelo Alba. Studied with Thadée Slavinski and Lubov Tchernicheva. Australian Daphne Deane managed Paris recitals.



**MR. H. HUGH BANCROFT**  
... Piano Scholarship judge

**NEW** organist of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, and Master of Choristers, Mr. Hugh Bancroft will be one of the adjudicators of the final of The Australian Women's Weekly Piano Scholarship at the City of Sydney Eisteddfod. "I am looking forward to hearing your young artists," Mr. Bancroft says. English by birth, was organist and choirmaster at Christ Church Cathedral, Vancouver. Record collecting is his hobby.



**MRS. CAROLINE ISAACSON**  
... runs country newspaper

**GRANDDAUGHTER** of Raphael Tuck of Christmas card fame, former fashion writer for Vogue and Melbourne presswoman, Mrs. Caroline Isaacson has lately become owner-editor-reporter of the Victorian country newspaper "News of the Dandenong Ranges." During war Mrs. Isaacson went all over State addressing meetings on behalf of Red Cross. Capable, charming, full of personality, she believes country women are superb cooks.



# Born on Monday

By . . .

**ROBERT CENEDELLA**

**W**HEN Frank Barringer asked me without preliminary, "John, how well do you know me?" I decided to hold my tongue no longer.

"Well enough to have trusted you for years," I said, "until to-day."

"I've been behaving badly?"

"Very." I thought that would bring him to himself. I expected he would apologise.

Instead, he said, "Have you met my wife?"

I stared at him. "You know I haven't."

Frank was my broker, and for six years we had lunched together every Thursday. To-day when I had walked past his secretary and into his office at the usual time, he had just stared at me until I'd said: "Well? How about lunch?" Then he murmured, "You're John."

He said nothing else until we'd reached the street, and then he'd started in the wrong direction. When I tried to talk business he had been worse than vague; he had asked me three times what stocks I owned. And now over the coffee he wanted to know if I had met his wife!

"You know I haven't," I said. "You know that we've been business friends, and that's really all."

"I see." He stared with blank eyes across the restaurant. "John," he said, "what's your surname? On the calendar pad it only said, 'Lunch with John.'"

He was not joking. His eyes meeting mine were troubled, but something in my expression caused him to smile suddenly. "Melodramatic, huh? The fact is—" his mouth was humorous—"I was born last Monday."

"You mean that's as far back as you can remember?"

"Yes."

"But—look, you were at my office. If you really had amnesia—"

"I found my office," he said. "I'm unusual, I suppose, for a man who has lost his memory. Listen, John. Have you got time?"

"I'll make time," I said. "I want to hear about it."

I was born on Monday (Frank Barringer said) in Grand Central Station. It felt like coming out of a sleep, except that I was walking. But I had no sense of identity. Not at first, anyhow.

Then I looked at the clock over the information booth, and as my mind registered that it was half-past four, quite suddenly I was awake. I was alert. I was born. But I didn't know who I was.

Ever been in a panic, John? I was then. I stood there lost and lonely and scared. It was awful.

Finally I cut through the station to the right and went into a restaurant. I don't know why.

The hostess gave me a table near the window, and I sat catching my breath and watching the activity on the street without really seeing it. I was reviewing what I knew about amnesia.

Somewhere or other I had heard that no one lost his memory unless he wanted to—that is, unless his subconscious mind wanted to. Something was so terribly unpleasant, something made you so miserable, that your mind played a trick on you by just forgetting.

That meant that there was some situation that I wanted to forget, that I couldn't face.

"A waitress came, and I ordered a pot of tea, but as she left it came to me that I might not have any money. My hand went automatically to the right pocket and felt a wallet and a letter. I found money in the wallet, and then laid it on the table, realising suddenly that it would probably hold identification.

I found that it contained only an automobile registration, a train ticket, a driver's licence, and a business card.

From these I learned that my name was Frank Barringer. I lived in Pelham and I was a broker, Frank Barringer, broker, of Pelham.

As for the letter—for some reason I couldn't explain, I was afraid to open it. Instead, I suddenly left the restaurant, went across to Grand Central, and got on a train for Pelham.

It's not a long ride—half an hour or so. When I got off the train in the twilight I looked curiously around me, but recognised nothing.

I got out the wallet and looked up the number of my car. Then I walked along, looking at the numbers of all the parked cars. And then I found my own, and my heart pounded.

There was a woman behind the steering wheel!

She was very nice-looking, except for her expression. Her face had a drawn look. She had on a mink coat, but no hat. Her hair was pretty.

"Well, why weren't you on the earlier train?" she asked curtly.

"Oh, Oh, Well, I had some work to do."

"No," she said. "I called at the office and Miss Gleason said you left early."

"I had a business appointment," I said.

"I'll just bet," she said scornfully. "Well, get in. Let's go home."

I circled the car and got in on the other side.

This woman must be my wife. She didn't like me apparently. She was intent now on her driving, so she did not speak to me. But after the way she had been speaking I was just as glad.

Of course, she might not be my wife. After all, maybe I wasn't even married.

We turned in at a concrete drive beside a brick house on a street full of brick houses. We pulled into a garage in the yard, and the woman got out of the car and walked away without a word.

I hastened to follow. She went up three steps to a door and into the house. She closed the door behind her.

**T**HAT'S when it came to me that possibly this woman's dislike for me was justified.

I thought about the few sentences she had spoken to me, and it seemed to me that there was in them a suspiciousness, a feeling that I was a pretty rotten sort of person. Well, was I? I didn't know.

Anyhow, what lay before me in that house was not pleasant, but something forced me slowly across the yard and up those few steps—something somehow connected with the letter in my pocket.

There was a small entryway, then another door, which I pushed open. I was in a large, fine, modern kitchen, well lighted and filled with an appetising smell of cooking.

A large, red-faced, middle-aged woman looked around from the sink as I shut the door behind me. "Good evenin', Mr. Barringer," she said. She was smiling affectionately. "You're late."

I smiled back. "I'm sorry," I said.

At that she laughed. "Sorry! Well you don't have to be. I'm not going to scold you."

I smiled again and walked across the kitchen, but I had not missed her implication that although she



*"Well, why weren't you on the earlier train?" she asked curtly.*

wasn't going to scold me somebody certainly was.

I pushed through a swinging door and entered a large and beautifully furnished living-room.

The chairs and the two divans looked deep and inviting. I thought there was no one there, and had advanced to the centre of the room when I was stopped by a young girl's voice.

"Hello, Daddy."

She was perhaps thirteen years old, leggy and thin, wearing a green sweater too large for her. She came towards me, smiling, and stood on tiptoe to kiss my cheek.

I patted her arm and turned away to one of the deep chairs, because the tears had started in my eyes. I didn't know why.

She sat on the arm of the chair. "Mother's upstairs," she said.

"I see."

"She said she wouldn't be down until dinner," she said. "The girl hesitated. 'She said she wouldn't be down until dinner,' she repeated lamely.

"That wasn't all she said, was it?"

"Well, she was very angry with you."

"I see. Well, I took a late train." I picked my words so that they might have meaning whether or not the woman who had met me was

"Mother."

The child and I were silent then for a long time, and the silence was a deep and restful thing that belonged to both of us.

Then the light went on beyond an archway opposite us. It was a dining-room with the table set. The woman I had met in the kitchen announced dinner.

My daughter jumped up. "I'll get mother," she said, and ran upstairs. I waited until she returned, followed by the woman who had met

me at the station. There was no doubt, then, that this was my wife.

I went into the dining-room with them. By following their lead, by simulating absent-mindedness, by saying practically nothing, I got through that meal without giving

myself away. Still more, I learned a few things from that meal.

For one thing, I learned to like my wife better.

She talked mostly to my daughter—for which, of course, I was grateful. It seemed she was teaching the child dressmaking. "You sew well, Paula," she said, "but there's more to it than that, you know."

"Paula! What a pretty name!" I murmured.

Please turn to page 22

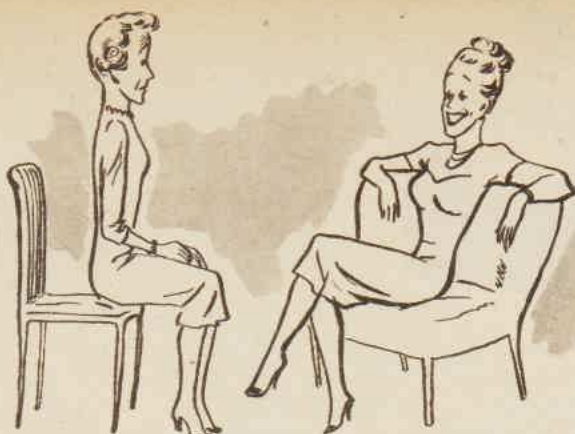
Page 11

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 31, 1948

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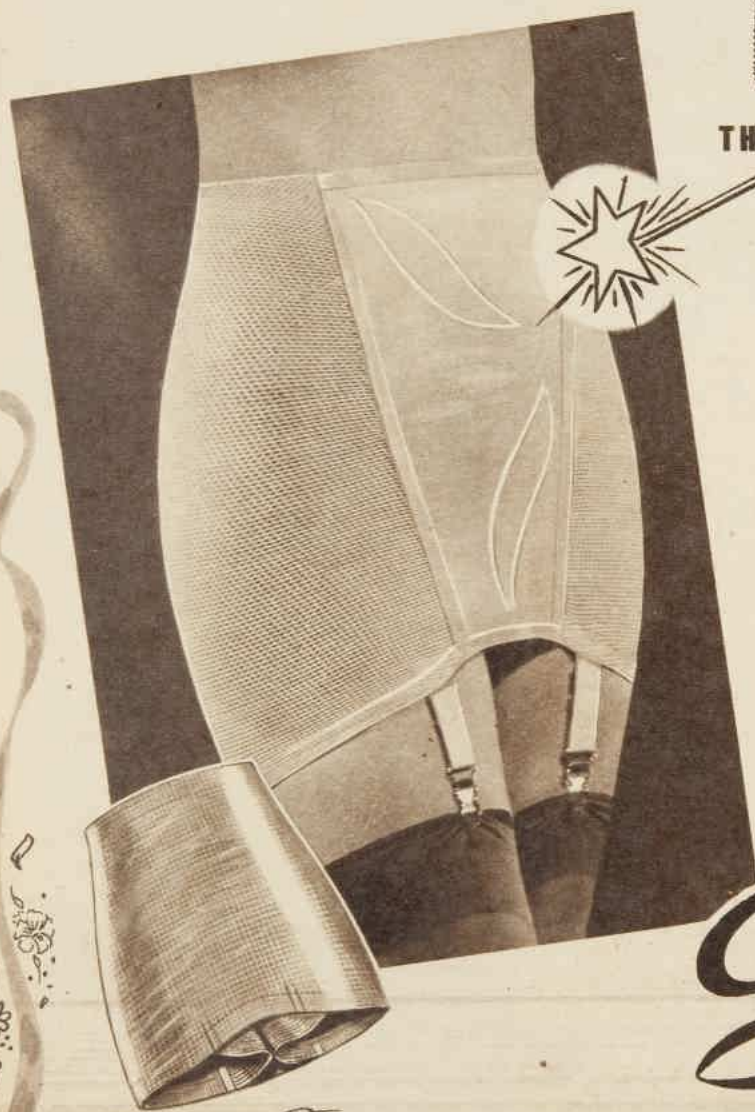
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ASK FOR THEM AT ALL LEADING STORES

D61



**H**ELEN said very graciously, "It's awfully nice of you to ask me. And the invitation takes care of everyone but my dog."

She meant only to be facetious, but the fiddler took her seriously.

He said, "Now, ma'am, I don't know does your dog have him a good nose or no, but I say fetch him along. A dog ain't lived till he's run him a fox."

"Then we'll come. And thank you so much. Where do we meet?"

"Down in the holler. The chase starts from there."

"And what time?"

"Round about two hour after sundown. The moon's at the full, and we're obliged to have a fine night of it."

He went away and she walked up the road to arrange with Chandler for the evening's hunt.

He said, "I'll go up and ask permission for Jerry to go. We'd better use your car. We can follow the chase part way. If you want to do miles of walking, you can follow it all the way, but I'm not quite up to that yet."

"I'm afraid I'm not either. I'm sort of a sissy."

"I don't think so. You just don't have things quite straight in your mind. But you will."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about the obvious fact that you and Jerry belong together. You should adopt him. You're dodging life. It's understandable, because of your tragedy, but you can't escape forever."

Helen was unreasonably outraged. She snapped, "Are you joining me for this pursuit of the fox, or are you not?"

"I'm joining you. Pick me up at nine o'clock. I'll have Jerry here."

"Jock has been invited, too," she said belligerently.

"Fine. Jock will have a better time than you."

Chandler came to her cottage alone an hour or so after the sun had set. He brought the report sadly that Miss Collins had put her foot down. Jerry had been having too much liberty as it was, and a whole night out was not to be considered.

"I'm so sorry," Helen said. "He enjoys everything so much. It won't be half the fun without him."

They drove together down to the "holler" in the valley. The fox hunters had already gathered with their dogs.

The male talk consisted mainly of boasting about the hunting qualities of the hounds. There was a sprinkling of boys and youths, and two other women, who greeted Helen cordially.

One woman was the young wife of a middle-aged hunter. The other was the spry elderly matron whom Helen had seen kicking up her heels with the best of them in the square dance.

"This your fust fox chase?" the old lady asked. "I ain't missed but six in forty yare, and that were when I was abed birthin' my young 'uns. I've allus helt it again them young uns, interferin' with a good fox chase."

The fiddler was one of the three men on horseback. He rode over to speak to Helen.

"Now, ma'am, like I tol' you, it's plumb all right do your dog keer to run with the hounds. I hope you won't think hard of me, do I be obliged to take him up. Do he get

## Mountain Prelude

Continued from page 10

to givin' tongue at the wrong time or cuttin' across the fox trail, you can see it'd spoil the chase."

"I understand, and I expect I'd better just keep him with me."

"Don't stop the dog from fun, ma'am. Leave him run. You can't tell what's in a dog's spirit till he tries. Now you can foller in your car down the valley road a ways. You can stop now and again to listen."

He smiled. "You're a music lady, and I mean, a fox chase is music. Do the chase get hot, I'll ride back and tell you where to walk to, to get the ben-e-fit."

Helen invited the pert old lady to ride with her, but she refused.

"I thankee, ma'am, but I admire to have my feet on the yearth when them good ol' hound voices is aringin' out."

Jock was introduced to the hounds, who circled him, sniffing politely and dubiously. When they were released, they paid no more attention to him. Helen waved him on, and he loped after the chase.

For long minutes there was no sound, as the hounds nosed the earth for fox scent. The leading hound

the direction of the hounds' voices, with Chandler following on his cane.

The fox had made a circle, and the dogs were closing. She reached a granite rock outcropping above the ground, and clambered to its flat top. The full moon was riding high through the skies.

As she looked and listened, a grey form slipped past the rock. It was the fox. He was trotting casually, his plume held high. It seemed to her that there was a look of amazement on his clever face. He scented her, looked up and trotted on.

Helen called, "I saw him! Oh, I saw him! The fox!"

Chandler scrambled to the top of the rock.

Helen said, "He was enjoying himself! He didn't look a bit worried, and I'll swear he grinned at me!"

The hounds were passing by. Their tails were waving, and at close quarters their voices rang loudly.

Chandler said, "It's one sport where no damage is done. In this kind of fox-hunting in the mountains, they don't ever kill the fox, you know."

"I'm so glad. But what happens at the end?"

"The fox holes up, or even climbs a tree, and the dogs wag their tails like everything, and the hunters call the dogs away and everybody goes home and chases the same fox another night."

The chase turned south. Helen and Chandler returned to the car. The hunters came back in leisurely fashion.

The fiddler said, "They've gone way yonder for a while. We just as good to refresh ourselves."

One man built a campfire. Another produced an enormous coffee-pot, and hung it on a forked stick over the flames. One by one, they brought out meat, jelly, and pre-

serves and cake.

The coffee was served in enamel cups. The food was passed around. Everyone ate hungrily, although the time was short of midnight.

The fiddler said, "Hark! They're acuttin' to the north and east. Let's go." Cups and food were dropped to the ground. The chase had swung wide, and was working under the mountain below the orphanage. The voices of the hounds were definite.

Suddenly Jock appeared.

Helen said, "Shame on you, Jock. You'll disgrace me. You've quit the chase."

He was in a frenzy. He jumped into the car and out, jumped in and out again. He barked shrilly and tugged at her skirt.

Helen said, "That's queer. What is he up to?"

For answer, Jack jumped into the car once more and howled.

Chandler said slowly, "He's trying to tell us something. I think we'd better follow him."

"But follow him where? He's excited over the fox hunt. It's all new to him."

"I know. But I don't think this has anything to do with the chase. Let's get in the car and drive towards home and see what he does. We can come back again if he's just hysterical."

But Jock, it transpired, most definitely was not just hysterical

To be concluded



"I said th' big scoop!"

swung out of the road and up the hill and gave a sharp sudden cry that was not a bark.

Other dogs repeated the international call as they, too, found the scent.

"Old trail!" one of the horsemen called back. "They'll hit it fresh directly!"

It was unmistakable even to a novice when Old Mincey, the lead dog, struck it fresh. The high clear bell notes were as plain as a call to church.

Other voices chimed in, a whole range of tone, from the deep bass of the old males, through intermediate tones to the high notes that the hunters called "sweet and fine." Helen stopped the car to listen.

"But that's beautiful," she said.

The chorus rang through the valley and resounded back and forth between the mountains, the echoes coming up like graceful notes. The voices stopped abruptly. The fiddler galloped back to the car.

"They've done the last fox," he explained. "Old Mincey'll pick him up across the ridge. Next time they give tongue, get outen the car and walk across to the west, and you'll likely glimpse the fox."

He galloped away.

Helen drove the car slowly. A quarter of a mile down the increasingly rough road, the bell-like voices chimed forth again. She had caught the excitement, and slammed on her brakes.

In a moment she was running in

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to the last drop!



What a picture of satisfaction! A piping hot cup of Bournville Cocoa enjoyed to the very last drop. There's nothing quite as good when you're tired and cold. Its goodness gives new energy, and its rich chocolate flavour makes you say 'that's real nourishment'. Made by Cadbury's, Bournville Cocoa is the really economical food drink—120 cups to the pound. Food for fitness indeed—for the whole family.

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Six of the hats, designed by famous French houses, which will be worn at our Paris Fashion Parades in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart.

## Veiled Flattery



● Lilac chiffon forms a big swathe in the wheat-colored finely woven straw made with a shallow crown and cleverly pleated brim which turns up at the back. It is by Legroux Soeurs.



● Paulette's beret, above, is made of gun-metal-grey wool jersey, with matching ties and tiny wings as decoration.

● Jacques Fath gives a dashing kink to the blue felt hat, at left, with its wide brim sweeping wide to the front.

● Slightly arched brim in front and up-turned brim at back are important in Legroux Soeurs' model at right.





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# Ten-year-old conductor may come to Australia



PIERINO GAMBA, ten-year-old boy conductor, goes out for a walk with his parents in London.

## London music world astonished by Italian baker's son

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London office

Pierino Gamba—the ten-year-old Italian conductor—would rather be a lift boy. Ever since he arrived to conduct at the London Music Festival he has been fascinated by the lifts at his hotel.

"I want to be a lift driver when I grow up," he says.

OFF the rostrum he forgets all about the music that brings 10,000 people wildly cheering every night he conducts, and is a natural, likeable little boy.

Musicians who gathered in sceptical mood to see him conduct Mozart, Schubert, Wagner, and Beethoven were fascinated, convinced, and almost overawed at this prodigy, hailed as the greatest since Menuhin.

There was no deception.

Pierino showed by his every action that he really knew the scores and that he could impose his will upon the orchestra.

Children who run to play with him, knowing nothing of his greatness, are equally fascinated by the charming boy speaking French as well as Italian who joins in their games and shares their toys.

Pierino Gamba is planning a tour of Australia, and, with the quick intelligence of a bright child of ten years of age, he demanded something to read about the Commonwealth.



IN BLACK VELVET and white frills, Pierino is helped down from the rostrum by a young friend, after conducting the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra in Mozart, Wagner, Schubert, and Beethoven.

A copy of The Australian Women's Weekly soon appeared and, sitting on his mother's knee, he asked her to translate to him the whole fascinating story of Mandrake.

"He loves comics," she said.

Having a genius for an only child is no problem for Mrs. Gamba. She and her husband were already well established as bakers in Rome when Pierino was born.

"He was eight years old before he showed signs of his genius," she told me.

To stylish, plump Roman matron Mrs. Gamba, Pierino is just a little bambino who must be sent to bed at the proper time, spoiled a little, chastised often—but always given the right food, the right clothes, the right mother love.

That is why Mrs. Gamba brought so many large trunks to London—not filled with fashionable clothes, though she had many, but laden with spaghetti, plump young chickens, and all the dainty bits her bambino likes.

She is a jolly, fat, natural woman. When she was younger she was

Junoesque, but, after the manner of the Italian women, she put on weight and was glad of it. She radiates peace and happiness.

At every performance and after every rehearsal Mamma Gamba is waiting with Pierino's brown blazer with its horse badge and a glass of lemonade for him.

Since he arrived in England, the "piccolino" has discovered that porridge is almost as good as macaroni, and kippers are not really inferior to anchovies. He has them every morning for breakfast.

Pierino is rather overgrown for ten years old, with undue pallor and dark circles under his eyes.

The astonishing thing is that at times he appears to be a grown-up and at other times is just a kid.

The leader of the Liverpool Symphony Orchestra said: "The child in him comes out when he has to count up the bars on his fingers."

There is nothing odd about this lad whom all London critics acknowledge as the first serious musical prodigy since Yehudi Menuhin.

What is different about him is that he doesn't look like a prodigy. Nor does he behave like one.

### Iron control

PAPA GAMBA has left off his baking to conduct his clever young son on a world tour that will shape his Pierino into one of the grand maestros of the musical world.

Papa Gamba keeps iron control. He is shrewd, alert, with bright blue eyes.

It is Papa who ensures that Pierino sits still for the photographers. It is Papa who decides whether Pierino may go off to the pictures. Papa Gamba is organising Pierino's tour of Australia. His boy's future is mapped out for him.

Says he: "I am proud to be the father of a unique child like Pierino. Until he was eight he showed no interest in music, then all of a sudden he began to demonstrate an astonishingly retentive musical memory and an understanding of the phrasing and meaning of music."

"It was this that made him a conductor rather than an executant, though he has learned to play the piano."

"Pierino is different from other prodigies like Yehudi Menuhin, because he does not need to concentrate on technical achievement, but



EIGHTY MUSICIANS followed the young conductor as he led them in a three-hour rehearsal.

the more he discovers music the more he understands.

"Our plan is, therefore, that, rather than isolate him from music during his formative adolescent years, we shall organise a world tour which will take him to Australia and other countries, where he will be able to absorb the national cultures."

"At present Pierino has not discovered your great Australian composers like John Antill, but he hopes to know about them before he arrives."

Pierino has a tough daily routine which involves three hours' hard work on the three R's; he then has an extra hour's work on physical training. It is this which gives him the stamina for conducting.

Like any youngster of ten, Pierino kicks against too much hard work.

"The lift man at the De Vere Hotel, Kensington—Aldo Pietro Gilvini—says: 'Whenever Pierino can slip away he drives my lift.'"

Two Italian-speaking waiters at the hotel, Galvini and Mario Beotra, are Pierino's real buddies. When he is talking to them you can really see the little boy behind the genius.

Says Pierino: "I would be a good engineer, if only they would let me."

## Bookings open for Paris Parades

Bookings can now be made for the 1948 Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades. The Parades will open with a Gala Ball at Prince's on Monday, August 16.

There will be another Gala Ball at Prince's on the following Monday, August 23. Both of these will begin with a special dinner at 9 p.m., and the four French mannequins and two Australian mannequins will parade in Paris creations during the dinner, with intervals for the guests to dance. After the parade dancing will continue till 2 a.m.

ADMISSION to the two Gala Balls will be by ticket only, tickets being two guineas each, including cost of dinner. This does not include any wines ordered.

Tickets and reservations for the Gala Balls can be obtained only at the front counter, Consolidated Press, Castle-reagh Street, Sydney. No phone bookings will be accepted.

Four afternoon-tea parades will also be held at Prince's at 3.30 p.m. on:

Tuesday, August 17.

Thursday, August 19.

Tuesday, August 24.

Thursday, August 26.

Admission will be by ticket

only, price 10/6, including a special afternoon tea while viewing the parades.

Bookings for these afternoon parades can be made only at the front counter, Consolidated Press Building, Castle-reagh Street, Sydney.

Another fourteen parades will be given at the Trocadero, George Street, on the dates listed below.

The Trocadero is being completely transformed for our parades. A magnificent new layout is being made so that a large number of people can all have a clear view of the parades.

Tickets for the morning and afternoon shows, including morning or afternoon coffee, are 7/6.

Tickets for the 5.30 p.m. session, which has been arranged primarily to give business girls an opportunity to see the parades, are 3/9.

Bookings for all the Trocadero parades can be made only at the Trocadero.

### SESSIONS AT TROCADERO

Wednesday, August 18:

Morning session, commencing 10.45.

Afternoon, 2.30.

Business girls' session, 5.30 p.m.

Friday, August 20:

Morning session, 10.45.

Afternoon, 2.30.

Business girls, 5.30.

Monday, August 23:

Morning session, 10.45.

Afternoon, 2.30.

Wednesday, August 25:

Morning session, 10.45.

Afternoon, 2.30.

Business girls, 5.30.

Friday, August 27:

Morning session, 10.45.

Afternoon, 2.30.

Business girls, 5.30.

### £2000 COOKERY CONTEST

● See page 34 for details of our £2000 contest. A Grand Champion prize of £1000 is offered for a model food budget and menu plan, and £1000 for recipes. During the currency of the contest £30 is given away every week in progress prizes. This week's prize-winning recipes are on page 33.



## DANGEROUS GAMES

THIS week, athletes of all nations will vie with each other at the Olympic Games.

Picked specimens of homo sapiens will match muscle against muscle, skill with skill, to win laurels for their native lands.

It is nice to think that on this field of international contest there will be no corpses to pick up.

But across the Channel in Berlin, a more dangerous game is in progress, with the Great Powers engaged in a different sort of trial of strength.

Nations once locked in the allegedly deathless comradeship of arms are now testing each other with every weapon except guns.

There are all the signs that this preliminary jousting could change overnight to war, and if that comes the human race may be headed for the high jump to oblivion.

From women goes up the anguished query—will mankind never grow out of its readiness to play dangerous games?

For them, war can never be justified, since it takes their husbands and sons. But the leaders of nations cannot reduce the problem to such simple personal terms.

It is possible that the game in Berlin may soon offer again the grim alternative—to fight or to retreat.

Women the world over pray that those who must decide will be inspired to find some way that averts the supreme disaster.

# WORTH Reporting

ADELAIDE City Council recently had its annual day of historical celebration. First they toasted the memory of the city's founder, Colonel William Light, using for the wine an ornate silver bowl which was presented to the council for that purpose in 1859 by two leading citizens.

For the ceremony Lord Mayor Jack McLeay dressed himself in full regalia. About fifty others, including aldermen and councillors, attended. Other council mementos—a pearl-studded silver mace, a silver ladle and a three-handled silver loving-cup—were also brought out for safe keeping. These were all gifts from leading citizens more than sixty years ago.

From the Colonel Light toast the party adjourned to luncheon to celebrate the first meeting of the newly elected council. They used a dinner set which once belonged to William the Fourth's wife, Queen Adelaide, after whom the city was named.

This set is of white china with centre piece of rosebuds and inscribed "Q.A." It was given to the council by Mrs. J. B. Corpe on condition that it was used once a year.

The City Council has many other relics of Queen Adelaide, some presented by Queen Mary. These include a diary written by her in German in her youth (she was the eldest child of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen), her coronation slippers, the christening robe of King William, an intricate petit point cushion cover worked by the Queen, and a floral hand-knitted rug made for her by the ladies of Meiningen.

However, for all these historical relics, few citizens of Adelaide realise when they see flags flying at the Town Hall on August 13 that their city is honoring Queen Adelaide's birthday.

## Cigarette cards

SINCE reports appeared early this year of the interest in Britain in cigarette cards, Australians with old collections have been turning them out and making inquiries about their value.

Younger readers won't remember the days when cigarette manufacturers gave away cards in the packets to stimulate sales—that hasn't been necessary for many years.

Many of the cards, which included colored pictures of birds, actresses, cricketers, were very attractive, and the hobby of collecting them was popular with children.

One Australian inquirer recently received a letter from an English agent saying that, subject to the condition of the cards being fine, he would purchase any Australian or New Zealand cards at rates from about 1d. to 6d. a card. Silks would bring from 3d. to 6d. each.

The inquirer had mentioned a report of cards bringing several pounds, but to this the agent replied:

"I know of only one instance where a single card fetched as much as £9, and that was for a very rare number required to complete a set of 1148 cards."

"All other numbers of this set are easily obtainable at prices ranging from 1d. to 3d. a card, but this one particular number was apparently destroyed in transit from the printers, and only one or two examples are known to exist."



"Yours of the fifteenth received (that's e-i) and we were relieved (that's i-e) to hear that you were in receipt (that's e-i) of our recent shipment."

## Served with Shackleton

SHIP'S doctor on the Clan Macaulay, which has been in Australian ports, is Dr. I. Hussey, who accompanied Sir Ernest Shackleton on three Antarctic expeditions, and was present when Shackleton was buried under the ice at South Georgia in 1922.

Dr. Hussey was meteorologist on the Endeavour when she was crushed to a complete wreck by ice packs on the 1914-16 expedition. The men lived for six months on icebergs, moving from berg to berg as they broke up.

The one non-utilitarian article from the ship which Sir Ernest insisted be brought away was Dr. Hussey's banjo. It was this banjo which saved the men's morale and kept them singing and cheerful though they were starving.

Dr. Hussey told his story over the B.B.C. last year and played that banjo again. When he finished millions of listeners had tears in their eyes.

He has a banjo on the ship with him, but it is not the same one. The original is under lock and key and bears the signatures of all the gallant men who survived the ordeal with him.

The doctor, a cheerful man with bright blue eyes and flashing white teeth, told us: "I am not a smoker, and when the men began to smoke kapok from mattresses it was my little cross to bear."

"Every Saturday night a toast was drunk to wives and sweethearts. I shouldn't recommend this cocktail for parties—a thimbleful of methylated spirit and a dash of powdered ginger."

"We became tired of seal and penguin meat, but we learned one thing from that expedition. Next time we took lots of different flavorings to add to the meats, and it is surprising the difference it made to our menu."

"One dish we had was stewed seaweed, boiled with one part of sea water to eight parts of fresh until it was of sage consistency. The trouble with that dish was that it gave us an appetite and we had to be careful how often we ate it."

## Postmistress at 90

AT 90 years of age Miss Rose Maginnity is postmistress at Tooma, N.S.W., a job she took over in 1911 after many years as a school-teacher.

The Maginnitys are one of the oldest families in the Upper Murray district. Miss Maginnity's father, Sergeant Maginnity, of the Police Force, was shot by the bushranger Morgan.

Before his death he had selected a fine block of land in the Tooma Valley, and his widow remained in possession of it up till her death. It is now the home of Miss Rose Maginnity's nephew, Francis Maginnity.

Miss Maginnity, whose niece Monica keeps her in the post office, is still a keen gardener, and does beautiful tanning and fine sewing. She is an erect, alert old lady, who by no means looks her 90 years.

Her brother David, who died at the age of 83 in 1943, was one of the best-known racing enthusiasts in the district.

## Cholera in desert

A GRAPHIC description of the cholera epidemic in the Sind Desert, India, has been sent by physiotherapist Aileen Simpson to her mother, Mrs. Daisy Simpson, of South Perth, W.A.

Miss Simpson, who is working as Superintendent of Nursing in Khanawal of the Pakistan Christian Council for the Relief of Refugees, volunteered to help alleviate the terrible suffering in the camps and hospitals in the desert.

"The outbreak of cholera flared up suddenly and there were a few days of agony when patients were being nursed alongside smallpox and other cases in the most fearful conditions," she writes.

"People died so swiftly and so little could be done. There were two European nurses and one woman doctor, but none of them could speak a word of the language."

"Way out in the middle of the desert new hospital buildings had been started, so the authorities promised that a well should be dug and two wards ready within 24 hours. It was like a bad dream, as I had to equip the whole place and staff it without any help at all."

"When we moved in there was a roof, no doors or windows, and water was being carried from a mile away."

"Patients were moved in an open lorry with the temperature at 108 degrees. Then the lorry broke down in the middle of the desert."

"All the sweepers and water carriers went on strike, and next morning, in a raging dust storm, the patients were dying of thirst."

"We found another huge bungalow with courtyards, and full of refugees. These had to be evicted. Drains were dug and fireplaces built for boiling clothes. We moved in within one day, so that was two moves in three days."

"The epidemic seems to be subsiding, so please God the worst is over. But in Lahore the cholera is raging, and many of the people are running away from there to here."

AT a conference of the National Association of Head Teachers in Britain one of them remarked: "The head teacher of to-day needs the strength of Hercules, the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, the agility of a cat, and a dash of ubiquity thrown in."

## Glasses as accessories

THE eyes at last have it. It's a new deal for people who complain that "I'm supposed to wear glasses all the time, but if I go to a dance I don't."

That's hopelessly outdated behaviour, says Mr. W. S. Jackson, Sydney optometrist, who proves that glasses and glamor go together.

"Glasses are worn as accessories now," he told us, "and people should choose them to fit their faces and personalities. Get rid of the idea that you can wear one pair of spectacles all day. You wouldn't wear the same shoes to golf and a cocktail party, so why wear the same pair of glasses?"

He showed us spectacle-frames that fit all occasions.

You want glamor. What about a black plastic frame, studded with diamonds, or glasses for afternoon made of plastic and delicate lace?

"Teen-agers prefer candy stripes," Mr. Jackson told us, picking up a frame made of pink, white, and blue striped plastic. "Tartan is popular, too."

Mr. Jackson makes glasses in clan tartan.

"One patient of mine is ordering five pairs of glasses," he told us, "in pink, turquoise, green, gold, and tartan."

As we clamped our insipid glasses on our nose and prepared to say good-bye, Mr. Jackson told us that one of his de luxe models has side pieces made of pure silk colored ribbon which tie in a bow at the back of the head.

## IT SEEMS To ME

by Dorothy Drain

WHEN Sir Laurence Olivier was asked by the N.S.W. Minister for Housing, Mr. Clive Evatt, to select a site for the proposed national theatre he refused with polite firmness.

Very sensibly, too. Sir Laurence is excellently qualified to advise on practically all aspects of a national theatre—but no wise visitor, however eminent an actor, would consider himself an authority on such a parochial question as that of the site.

It's doubtful whether Australia is by any means ready for such a grandiose project as a national theatre.

Audiences for the Old Vic season give a false estimate of our theatre-going public.

At least half the people who clamored for admission were drawn by the stars' film reputations, not by the fact that productions and acting were something unprecedented in quality in most Australian memories.

From time to time most Australian capitals see good plays, moderately to well done in the commercial theatre. Unless they're musicals they seldom have phenomenal runs.

If we were likely as a nation to provide really enthusiastic support for a national theatre, we would already have shown it by a greater response to such theatre as is available.

MR. CHIFFLEY may well reflect with satisfaction on a trip abroad which opened with a welcoming leading article from "The Times" and ended by his giving an autograph to actress Ingrid Bergman.

The encounter with Miss Bergman indeed may prove to be very advantageous. For when asked afterwards what he thought of her, he replied: "Well, I liked her. But I think all girls are nice."

Oh, Mr. Chiffley! Your campaigners ought to put that one down in their little notebooks for use in those hazardous weeks before next election.

IT'S becoming increasingly common for captains of freighters to take their wives to sea. In several ships in Australian waters lately the captain has had his wife aboard, in some instances children as well.

The old belief that it's unlucky to take a woman to sea has evidently been broken down by the worldwide housing shortage. Couldn't be unluckier anyway than setting up house with in-laws.

A RECENT issue of the "New Yorker" tells the story of a bank in New York which is believed to be the only bank in the world that has its own organ and organist to entertain the customers.

Pity this hadn't been publicised months ago. Might have provided a weapon for one side or the other to soothe some savage breasts.

A WOMAN in Tennessee recently woke up (feeling well) after a 12 years' sleep. What with the cold weather and the news in the papers it might be as good a way of spending the next 12 years as any.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE gets equal billing with J. Arthur Rank in the Sydney advertisements for the film "Hamlet."

LAMB has soared to 9/3 a pound in America.

Mary's little lamb is worth an awful lot of dough. As soon as Mary's money's spent. The lamb is sure to go.







# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht **Argos** is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to the Land of the Giants, where they find a huge foot-print, twelve feet long, on the ground. Man-

drake laughs at the suggestion that the print was made by a man ninety feet high, and they return to the **Argos**. But the yacht is watched that night by

**THE COLOSSUS:** Unbelievably huge giant of the island. With his enormous hand he rocks the frail boat, then prepares to carry his prize to the shore. **NOW READ ON:**

**THE COLOSSUS WAVES TO ANOTHER INCREDIBLE FIGURE-- AND A WOMAN COLOSSUS COMES DOWN THE BEACH!**



**AS THEY LOOK AT THE YACHT, A TWENTY-FOOT SHARK FOOLISHLY ATTACKS THE COLOSSUS! HE GRABS IT IRRITABLY, SQUEEZES THE BREATH OUT OF IT WITH ONE HAND, THEN FLINGS IT SEVERAL MILES AWAY!**



**THEN, CAREFUL LEST THEY BREAK THIS SMOOTH, SHINING OBJECT, THEY PICK UP THE 'ARGOS' AND START FOR THE SHORE!**



**ON DECK-- THEY ARE SPEECHLESS-- STUNNED!**



**IT IS LIKE A NIGHTMARE -- ONE'S OWN EYES CANNOT BE BELIEVED...**



**BARTON RUSHES FOR HIS RIFLE. "WHAT GOOD ARE BULLETS?" MANDRAKE CRIES. "AT WORSE, IT'D BE LIKE A MOSQUITO BITE TO HIM -- AND HE MIGHT DROP US TO SLAP AT IT!"**



**HIGH ABOVE THE TREES GOES THE YACHT-- THEN DOWN A THOUSAND-FOOT CANYON-- WALL THAT IS BUT A SMALL HILL TO THE COLOSSI--**



**AT LENGTH, THE YACHT IS RESTED GENTLY ON A BED OF SAND, PROPPED BETWEEN BOULDERS -- AND THE CHILD OF THE COLOSSI IS SHOWN HER NEW TOY!**

**TO BE CONTINUED**

## TALKING OF FILMS

By  
Marjorie Beckingsale

### ★★★ Hamlet

**SOME** of Shakespeare's lines apply to Sir Laurence Olivier's triumphant British screen presentation of "Hamlet."

"Let your own discretion be your tutor," says Hamlet to the players who have come to the Palace at Elsinore to perform.

Olivier's discretion, allied to his courage, not only proves his own tutor, but should serve as a text book to studios and audiences alike.

For the second time, Olivier gives us Shakespeare as completely satisfying film entertainment.

He sweeps away forever the discarded tradition that the great English language and its finest dramas are acceptable only to a limited audience, within the confines of a theatre stage.

"Hamlet" is not in color, like "Henry the Fifth," but the very boldness of its treatment and the admirable camera work are complete in themselves.

Technically "Hamlet" is splendid. Continual use of a roving camera and deep-focus photography give the backgrounds of gloomy Elsinore Castle in sweeping perspective.

The camera moves up winding, bare stairs to a parapet, or through the main hall of the court in a manner which shows the success of Olivier's technique.

By eliminating some of the characters, such as Fortinbras, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern, and putting some of their lines into the mouths of other players, Olivier condenses the plot into just over two and a half hours' running time.

So skilfully does Olivier cover the deletions that the result is smooth-running even at its slowest moments.

The decky of the play is greatly assisted by the startling effectiveness of Roger Furse's settings and William Walton's thrilling atmospheric music.

### Summary of play

**THE** film opens with Olivier's voice speaking a brief excerpt and then remarking that the story is the tragedy of a man who could not make up his mind.

The star presents Hamlet himself as a mature personality. There is little youth about him and some harsh brutality, especially in his famous "get thee to a nunnery" scene with Ophelia.

His wisdom in choosing young Jean Simmons as Ophelia is never in doubt.

With no previous experience of Shakespearean work, she makes the bewildered and pathetic heroine vitally important to the tragedy.

All the players show the discretion and devotion of its producer-director-star.

Basil Sydney as the King, Eileen Herlie as the Queen, and Felix Aylmer as Polonius take pride of place after Olivier and Jean Simmons.

By gesture as well as voice, Basil Sydney presents a fine portrait of a cruel, ambitious man whose own intrigues prove his undoing.

Eileen Herlie is a tempestuous Queen. The magnificent scene between her and Olivier when he berates her for her marriage to his uncle is acting of the finest quality.

The one fault I find is that the Queen looks physically too young to be Hamlet's mother.

Felix Aylmer never steps out of character as the dithering political gossip who scurries round the Court looking for a willing ear to his perpetual chattering.

After spending half a million pounds and working on the film for a year, Sir Laurence Olivier deserves our thanks and praise, and British films reach a new high level in prestige.

The J. Arthur Rank release is showing at the Embassy.



# Personal War

from  
PARIS



**CRINOLINE LINING** makes Christian Dior's black-and-white three-quarter-length coat stand out from the straight skirt. Black velour beret is also by Dior.



**DINNER-GOWN** by Lanvin is of white satin with fine silver thread and has sleeves set right into waist. It is bound with fine black piping to match the tiny black buttons.



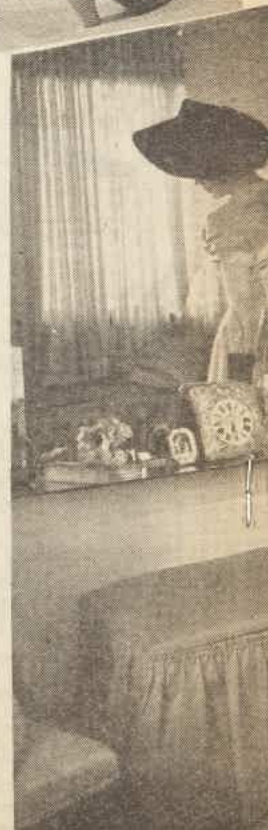
**IDEAL FOR SUMMER** is Worth's beige shantung suit designed with loose mid-arm sleeves, specially planned for coolness, and a full skirt. It has unpadded shoulders, which also make for coolness. Hat is of raffia and has wide brim with uneven line.

**FEATURING** back fullness, Georgette Renal's spotted shantung suit is loose and cool in hot weather. Hat by Domino is of white panama and ties firmly under chin.

★ While our fashion editor, Mrs. Mary Hordern, was in Paris selecting the 90 models from famous French dress houses for our Paris Fashion Parades, she chose her own wardrobe from the latest collections. Mrs. Hordern is shown here wearing some of these models.

★ ★ ★

The parades open in Sydney with a gala ball at Prince's on August 16. They go later to Melbourne and Adelaide where they will be held at the Myer Emporium. After the Adelaide season parades will go to Hobart.





# edrobe



**BIAS CUT** is used by Mad Carpentier in both the jacket and skirt of a beige suit, worn with a clever Maud et Nano hat.



**GREY** in two shades forms check pattern in frock by Paquin made with a pulled-in waistline and very full skirt with attractive pockets.



**WAISTCOAT** of mustard linen is worn with Piguet's grey flannel suit and has inset white blouse. Mustard hat is from Paulette.



**TAFETA** swathes around the shoulders into a fichu effect and is cut into the back of Mad Carpentier's black-and-white striped cocktail frock. Hat comes from Jean Barthet.



**NAVY-BLUE** suit, although classical, accentuates pulled-in waist, has sloping shoulders with no padding. The white straw and navy-blue stockingette hat comes from the new Parisian house of Domino.



**T**HE child dashed a quick and lovely smile towards me, then turned back to her mother. "You didn't like the style of the blouse?" she asked.

"It's all shoulders, Paula," said her mother.

"I see."

"I know what you were trying for. Style. Form. But it's overaccentuated. Now—"

She explained how Paula should have made the blouse. I didn't understand much of it, but I did understand the important thing—this mother and daughter had found a bond that made them sympathetic to each other.

Paula finished outlining her ideas for a dress.

"You'll be a dressmaker yet, Paula," said her mother, smiling.

The child flushed and smiled. "Gosh," she said, "I hope so."

When dinner was over we went into the living-room while the cook, whose name seemed to be Grace, cleared the table.

"Paula will help you when you're ready, Grace," said my wife.

"Oh, Mother!"

"This is your night, Paula. I don't complain on my nights, do I?"

"Okay," said Paula.

We were settling into chairs in the living-room, and by this time I was positively admiring my wife. She was not only sympathetic towards Paula, but she brought her up well. Her face was softer than it had been at the station.

"I talked with Doris Gregory today," she told me.

I tried to look intelligent.

"She says Tom is better."

"Oh, Good." That seemed safe.

She went on with what Doris had told her about Tom—something about an operation. It made no sense to me, of course, but the fact that it was the sort of placid talk that goes on normally between husband and wife puzzled me. I had

## Continuing . . . Born on Monday

from page 11

made up my mind that my wife did not like me, and while that might be true, certainly she could not hate me as she had seemed to at the station.

A silence fell between us, then suddenly I wanted to cry. "Excuse me," I said, and went upstairs.

The strain I had been under had been too much. I had been holding myself in rigid control for too long. Upstairs I found light switches, found a bathroom, locked myself in, and cried like a baby.

After that I was exhausted, and I found a bedroom that, from the belongings in the wardrobe and loughboy, and from the fact that it had twin beds, must surely be ours. I undressed, put on the pyjamas that hung in the loughboy, and stretched out on the nearer bed without removing the coverlet. I was all in.

After a while my wife came into the room. "Switching beds?" she asked.

It took a minute for me to understand. "Oh—no," I said. I just dropped, I'm tired. I worked hard to-day."

"Well," she said. "I'm going to read a while."

I got up from the bed and kissed her on the cheek.

She pulled away and looked sideways at me. "Don't you do that again," she said.

She left the room, and I sat down on her bed again. I felt forsaken and lonely—a man with no memory and no friend.

Then quite suddenly she came back into the room. She stood, not looking at me, her expression sullen, as though she were about to do something difficult.

And you know, John, I found myself thinking about her, not about myself and my loneliness at all. She

was just a grown-up child standing there. I knew why she had come back. I laughed. "Well?" I said with mock sternness.

"I'm sorry," she said. Her face was still sullen. "It was nice of you to kiss me, and—"

Again I got up, smiling now, and again I kissed her cheek; but this time she patted it and looked at me with all the sullenness gone. She wore a curious little smile.

"Nice," she said. "Good-night." I got into my own bed and stared at the ceiling. Apparently a kiss was an event in this house.

I fell asleep with the light on, and I was awakened by an alarm clock. It had been turned off before. I rolled over and saw my wife leaving the room.

"Get up," she said, "if you're going to work." And she left.

I dressed and went downstairs, to find that Grace had breakfast for me in the kitchen. My wife was just finishing, and Paula was just starting. It seemed that Paula went to school. Naturally, but I had not thought before of her having a whole big life of her own.

"Well," said my wife sharply, "if you're going, you'll have to hurry."

She drove me to the station, recklessly and grimly and silently. I made another attempt at conciliation before I left the car, leaning over to kiss her good-bye, but she turned her head and said, "Don't do that!"

When I reached the city, I did not go straight to my office. I had to plan my conduct there, so I sat in a cafeteria with a second cup of coffee and did some thinking.

All I knew about my business life was the address of my office, which I had on my business card, and the name of my secretary, which my wife had mentioned the night before. Miss Gleason, my wife called her. I went there, finally. I had to find out from the list of tenants in the lobby what floor I was on. Then I went up.

You know my office, John, probably a good deal better than I do. You can imagine how relieved I was when I opened the door and found the outer office so small, with only one door leading from it to an inner office.

Miss Gleason—I supposed it was Miss Gleason, and I was right, of course—was typing when I went in. "Good morning, Mr. Barringer," she said and stopped typing. "Are you feeling better?"

"Much better," I smiled and started to walk past her.

"Mr. Barringer," She swung round in her chair to face me. "Mr. Drohan called, and he was very anxious for your decision. Couldn't we call him back and tell him—"

I looked down at her. She was nearly thirty, neat, brisk, sensible. I made a decision.

"Never mind that now," I told her. "Please lock the outside door and come in here with me."

"Lock the outside door?"

"Yes. For now, anyhow. I don't want to be interrupted."

I went into my office. While I was looking at my desk—too neat, too unrelaxing—I could hear her moving to obey me. After a moment or two she came and sat down beside my desk with her stenographer's pad on her knee and her pencil poised over it.

I decided to take a plunge, and asked her point blank what had been the matter with me yesterday.

She hedged and hesitated, finally admitted that she knew I had been upset, and grew more embarrassed when I asked if she knew what had upset me.

"Well—" her eyes were downcast. "I suppose it was that letter. The letter marked personal that—well, you were waiting for it, and you wouldn't let me open it, and after you had read it—" She faltered for a moment and then stood up suddenly. "Mr. Barringer, I don't like this," she said, and walked out quickly.

John, I was sick. The letter I had been afraid to look at yesterday

### Your Coupons

TEA: 25-26 (25-28 expires August 8, when 27-28 become available)  
BUTTER: 25-27 (expires August 8, when 28-30 become available)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

**M**y home life was the trouble, obviously. And I had to find out what was the matter. I had to find out, and I had to set it right.

I took a taxi home from the station.

My wife was in the living-room, carpet-sweeping. She was a picture of arrested motion as I went in.

"Hello," I said.

She straightened. "What are you doing home, Frank?" she asked. There was only questioning in her tone—no bitterness, no hardness.

"Look," I said, "will you sit down with me? I think we ought to do some talking." I wished that I knew her name. You can put tenderness into a name.

We sat down side by side on the divan.

"Has something happened, Frank?"

"Yes," I said. "Something happened to us."

"Oh," she said.

"And I want to know what it is."

"I don't know," she said. "Frank, I don't know."

"You know what I'm talking about?"

"Yes, Frank."

"Look," I said, "do you remember how it was when we got married?"

She smiled wistfully. "I remember," she said.

"Well, how was it? I mean, from your point of view?"

"It was—well, what's the use talking about it? It was a long time ago, Frank." She suddenly laughed. "Remember when you used to work for Graham's, and didn't have to be in town until ten?"

"Yes," I said, remembering nothing.

"And yet you used to get up and go in early with me—just so I wouldn't be lonesome riding to work?"

Please turn to page 28

## Happy Days for Hilda Now

BY DAL



### LONESOME NIGHTS . . .



### BOOKS . . . NOT BOYS



### DANCES FROM AFAR



### THEN THE ANSWER—

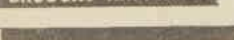


### LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

Watch out for that old sports, "B.O."! Use Lifebuoy, with its special health ingredient, and get lasting, all-over protection from "B.O."



### BROUGHT HAPPINESS



W-29, WW82



Even husbands don't mind washing-up with

## Rinso's THICKER, RICHER SUDS

The biggest pile of dishes dwindles in two ticks when you've a sink-full of thicker, richer Rinso suds. Those harder-working suds dissolve grease and KEEP ON dissolving it till the last saucepan is sparkling. China, glassware, silver come out gleaming. No more limp, lazy bar-soap suds for you once you've tried Rinso!



Z-243, WW82





# MY JILL- A DUD!



What's wrong, Jill?  
Why don't you join in?

Can't be bothered  
I'm too tired.

Jill,  
you can't leave  
the table until  
you've eaten  
every scrap!

No use trying to  
force her, darling.  
She's not herself  
these days. I'd  
better see Dr. Carson  
to-morrow.



## AT THE DOCTOR'S

You see, Mrs. Dawson, in  
addition to all their running  
around in the day-time,  
children use up energy  
during sleep in breathing  
and other automatic actions,



SO-EVERY NIGHT  
BEFORE BED...

and children are growing  
all the time. Naturally,  
if this call on their  
energy reserve isn't  
built up they soon  
become listless, easily  
tired and inclined to  
lose weight. Put your  
girl onto **HORLICKS**.



Look at Jill!  
She's won again!



**HORLICKS** will  
do the same  
for **YOUR**  
youngster!

## HORLICKS\* GIVES YOU..

- ✓ PROTEIN
- ✓ VITAMINS A, B<sub>1</sub>,  
B<sub>2</sub> and D
- ✓ MINERAL SALTS

- ✓ CALCIUM
- ✓ CARBOHYDRATE
- ✓ FAT

\*Made with milk.



# HORLICKS

The complete  
**BALANCED** food drink







**DEPARTURE.** Mrs. Winston Smith (right) and her husband, Dr. Winston Smith, are among the first to return home. Mrs. Suzanne Williams (left) and Mrs. John Laidley join those farewelling them.



**WAXING SKIS.** Marie Gelling looks on while Mrs. Jill MacDonald teases her hair. Both will take part in the women's ski championships at Mt. Hotham, Victoria, in early August.



**FAREWELL PARTY.** Retiring director of the Tourist Bureau, Mr. H. J. Lambie (right), with Chalet manager, George Day, who gave party in his honor. Mrs. Day (left) and Ski Club members Mrs. Paddy Osborne, of Currandooley, Bungendore, and Mrs. Forbes Gordon are in the background.



**IN THE SNOWMOBILE QUEUE.** Anne Litchfield and Jim Maslin line up at the flag to be drawn up the slope outside the Chalet for a ski down.

## Kosciusko Gettings

**AFTER** two seasons of abundant snow, the Ski Club of Australia arrives at the Chalet for winter's official start to find the sparsest "carpet" for some years.

Snowmobiles which provide quick transport from the snowline up to the Chalet are even more popular as ski hoists.

These war disposals make the 360ft. ascent up the slope from the Chalet valley twice as quick as the almost forgotten ski-lift, which will be back in running order some time before the club has another fortnight at the Chalet in September.

Mrs. Wesche, wife of N.S.W. Ski Council president and prominent Ski Club member, Venn Wesche, arrives before her husband and has a short stay at Betts' Hut with Mrs. Stewart Bradshaw, of Bowral, before coming to Chalet.

**DR. LENNOX TEECE**, who has missed only one snow season in the past 28 years, takes the place of president, Dr. Bertie Schlink, in club activities.

Crowning effort is his spontaneous speech at wind-up dinner and presentation of cups to winners in racing programme, which is carried out despite unfavorable weather.

Youthful newcomer with two cups to his credit is Jimmy Walker, son of the Monte Walkers, who learned to ski with BCOP in Japan.

Richard Laidley Dowling, who wins the Pauss (Championship) Cup again, hurries home to get ready for his trip to England at the end of the month.



**FIRESIDE SUPPER.** Dr. Gerald Fitz Gerald (right) dispenses coffee after the pictures for group including (from left) Dr. Alastair Bourke, John Nagle, his wife, Dr. Helen Fitz Gerald, Mrs. Bourke, and John Close (standing).



**GEARED FOR HOME JOURNEY.** Mrs. Bill Adams (right) with Brian Page and Margaret Burns, who are waiting for the snowmobile to take them down to the snowline at the Smiggin Holes.



**ROPE RACE.** Fancy dress adds humor to rope race which Ski Club held first in 1936 as a marathon for married couples. David Gordon secures the rope around his partner, Mrs. John Thompson.



**APPLE INTERLUDE.** Alpine Club members (from left) Pam Rohrs, Joan Mackey, Shirley Gray, Bill Hogue, and Vida North stop for a rest on their way uphill.

**THE** Gordons are most represented family with the Ski Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Gordon come across from "Werralong," Dalgely, an hour and a half's trip away.

Jim's brother David figures among the club's best skiers.

Bill Gordon, who took part in the first complete snow tour from Klandra to Kosciusko in 1927, comes up from "The Gib," Bungendore.

His brother, Forbes, with wife Molly, from "Turalla," Bungendore, are among the first to leave for home.

**SKI CLUB** members entertain at traditional Gluhwein party.

Cinnamon and cloves add spice to the famous snow drink, which includes charet, burgundy, brandy, and lemon juice, served hot.

After hearing Emil Sodersten's story of prewar days, it seems skiers aren't as hardy as they were.

Merrymakers used to tote the beverage up to a nearby mountain top, build a fire to warm it, and ski home in line, one after the other, with torches lit in the glowing embers.

**CONSOLING** thought for Nuttie Mackellar, who has to take time off with flu, is a trip to the Chalet in the September holidays with a party of teen-agers.

Her niece, Judy Crossing, Susan King, Annette Dunlop, and Ann Livingston will be among her charges.

**A WEEK** of sunny weather is best possible greeting for the Alpine Club, whose newly elected president, Tom Southwell-Keely, arranges a welcome party for new members as the first official do.

Mrs. Kenneth Ward, who accompanies her husband, is among latest to join. Another guest of honor is Victorian Brigadier W. N. Tinsley, whose wife, formerly Kili Moore, is well-known skier and amateur photographer.

Her movies of the women's ski championships at Hotham last year and the snow beauties at the Chalet in 1934 are shown with Dick Toppin's color film of the club's Chalet holiday in '47.

**ENTIRE** guest list is at party which Chalet manager, George Day, and Mrs. Day give for director of the Tourist Bureau, Mr. H. J. Lambie, who is retiring after 46 years' service.

He confides that he planned to spend his last fortnight of office in the snow country, where he or his children haven't missed a year since 1917.

His swansongs to the Tourist Bureau are three books of plans for extensive snowfield buildings.

**MAY** be just imagination, but accidents seem much more remote with so many doctors in the house.

Last includes Doctors Norman Macindoe, Kevin Coen, Don Hipsley, Dick Rogers, and Peter Heery, and Dr. Harvey Dakin, up from Cooma for a few days' skiing with his wife.

Also frequent Chalet visitor Dr. Matt Hiatt, accompanied by Mrs. Hiatt, and Dr. Gerald Fitz Gerald and his wife, Dr. Helen Fitz Gerald.

Anne Hill, who is one of the unlucky ones, has to curtail her stay after leg sprain.

She and Lynette Smith holiday together.

**LESS** formal after-skiing wear, in keeping with cosy atmosphere and relaxation, is offset by eye-catching shawls, scarves, coats, and footwear.

Admire Mrs. Stewart Bradshaw's tartan-lined beige coat hanging soldier-fashion from a tartan cross-strap, and her sealskin Swiss slippers. Also Mrs. Bill Adams' colorful kerchief, recently sent from Switzerland, stamped with emblems of Swiss cantons.

**VALENTINE ADAMS** arrives with South Australians, who include Captain the Viscount Althorp, aide-de-camp to the Governor of South Australia.

Valentine had been staying in Adelaide with her sister and brother-in-law, the Arnold Mouldens.



It's not only the delicious *flavour*

...it's not only the *speed*

it's the *economy* of **NESCAFÉ**

that amazes everyone!



It's truly surprising how many cups of perfect, full-flavoured coffee you can make from each 4 ounce container of NESCAFÉ ... the coffee that takes "next to no time" to prepare and serve.

And every cup is exactly as you like it because you can use a little more or a little less than a teaspoonful to get just the strength you, or your guests, like best. You merely put a level or a rounded teaspoonful in the cup, add piping hot water and, if you want to, milk and sugar.

No grounds. No sediment. No waste. NESCAFÉ is a powdered concentrate of choice coffee beans with added carbohydrates to preserve the flavour and aroma until the very last spoonful is used.

**MAKE IT IN 3 SECONDS — RIGHT IN YOUR CUP**



**1** A teaspoonful in a cup **2** Add Hot Water **3** it's Ready!

## *The 3-Second Coffee*

# **NESCAFÉ**

### **A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT**

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*Hair looks better.. scalp feels better.. when you check Dry Scalp*



**HIS HAIR GETS THE OKAY NOW!** Yours can, too. Just massage your scalp with five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic each day to supplement natural scalp oils dried out by sun and wind — to help check Dry Scalp, clear away loose dandruff — and give your hair a natural, well-groomed look.

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**LIQUID lip-glo**  
EIGHT EXOTIC TINTS

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## I REMEMBER MAMA



**1 FAMILY DISCUSSION** about money between Mama (Irene Dunne), Papa (Phillip Dorn), and children, Katrin (Barbara Bel Geddes), Nels (Steven Brown), and Christine (Peggy Miller).



**3 LEAVING FOR HOSPITAL** car driver Uncle Chris, whose bad temper makes everyone but Mama afraid of him, refuses to wait for shy Aunt Trina (Ellen Corby) and her beau, Mr. Thorkelson.



**5 BIRTHDAY GIFT** from Mama to Katrin is an old brooch treasured by Mama. Katrin scorns gift, so Mama sells it to buy something else. Repentant Katrin asks for return of brooch.



**7 SUDDEN ILLNESS** of Uncle Chris brings Mama to his home. She finds that his housekeeper (Barbara O'Neil) is really his wife and he has spent his money on fund for crippled children, because of his own lameness.



**2 DOCTOR'S DECISION.** Physician (Rudy Vallee, centre) advises Mama and Uncle Chris (Oscar Homolka) that youngest child Dagmar needs operation.

### Simple family story

A **HOMELY** comedy-drama about a Swedish mother who helps her family through major crises has been made by RKO from the novel by Kathryn Forbes and long-run stage play by John Van Druten.

In addition to stars Irene Dunne and Phillip Dorn, former band leader Rudy Vallee has a big feature part.



**4 PRETENDING** to be a charwoman Mama gains entrance to hospital when pompous doctor refuses to allow her to see Dagmar after the operation.



**6 WEDDING DAY** is held for Aunt Trina and Mr. Thorkelson (Edgar Bergen) after Mama has persuaded other relatives not to oppose marriage.



**8 GOOD NEWS** for Mama and Papa comes when ambitious Katrin sells a story, and financial future seems much more secure.



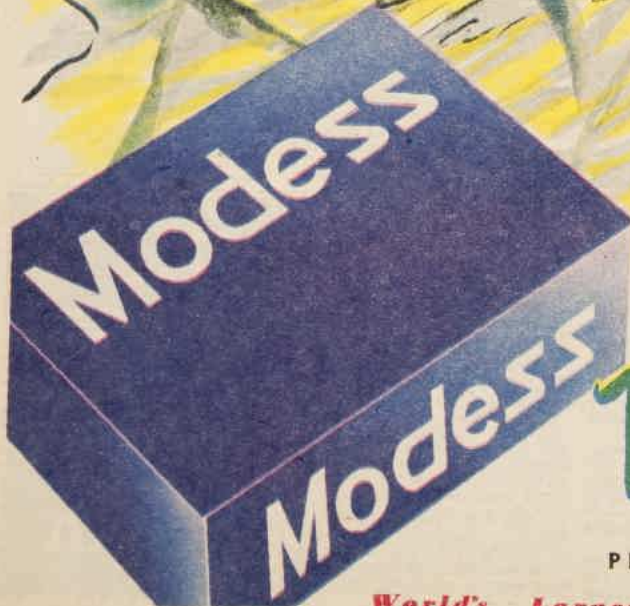
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freedom of

*Action  
Choice...*



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Tea never gave me a thrill...



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## Born on Monday

Continued from page 22

THE word "lonesome" stood out. "Is that the trouble now?" I said. "Are you lonesome here at home?"

"No," she said. "No. Not lonesome. I have the housework, and Paula, and—no, I'm not lonesome."

"How much of the housework does Grace do?"

"Frank, I've told you a dozen times. She does the kitchen and the bedmaking. And the cooking, of course. I do the cleaning."

"Why don't you hire someone for that?" I asked.

"Frank, I've told you I don't want to. Good heavens, I've got to do something!"

A long silence fell between us then. There we sat, a husband with no memory and his wife with memories that made her smile a tender smile at the thought of them.

"I've told you so many times, Frank," my wife went on at length. "I don't need anyone to help me. Why, everything's done before the middle of the day as it is."

"I see," I said. "I just thought—"

"Well, don't think," she said sharply. "And if that's all you came home to say—"

I held up my hand to stop her. "That isn't all I came home to say," I told her. "I—look, do you know you have very nasty moods?"

"Well, what if I—?" There was truculence in the way she started, but she checked herself. "Yes, Frank," she said finally. "Yes, I know I do."

"Do you realise when you have them?"

"When? No."

"Well," I said, "take yesterday. You were nasty to me at the station, when you met me."

"Well, you were late. You—"

She checked herself again. "I see what you mean," she said. "I'm always nasty when I meet you at the station."

"You were nasty this morning when you drove me to the station," I said.

"Yes, I'm sorry."

"I think you ought to get someone to do the housework," I said slowly, and lifted my hand to stop her protests. "And I think you ought to go back to work."

And do you know, John, my wife looked at me for a long, long moment, and then her hands went up to her face and she was crying.

Frank Barringer smiled at me. "I don't get it," I said.

"She was crying because she was happy," he said.

"I still don't get it."

He shrugged. "When she came to meet me at the train she was bitter," he said. "When I talked about business, she was bitter. Don't you see? She envied me, John. I had work to do. And there she was, a woman who had worked before she was married and even for a while afterwards, a woman of energy who finished her housework before the middle of the day and then had nothing to do."

"She didn't know it, John, but she envied me. She wanted to work as hard as I did, but my success made it something not even to be thought of."

"You were able to figure all that out?"

"Well," he said, "I didn't have a lot of memories to clutter my mind and lead me down false trails. It was simple, really. I stayed home again yesterday, and we planned the whole thing. She's going to open a dress shop, and Paula's going to help her."

"Does she know about—?"

"No," said Frank Barringer. "I haven't told her that I've lost my memory, because I still don't know why I lost it."

"Wasn't it your domestic situation?"

"How could it have been that? That was so trivial. That was so easy to straighten out. No, it—"

He hunched forward and regarded me earnestly across the table.

"Look, John," he said, "the answer is in that letter. I'm sure of it. And I haven't dared open it. I wanted to wait until I had someone with

me who knew, who—"

He made an effort to smile. "Someone who's just a business friend and no more," he said.

I said slowly, "You're afraid it might shock you too much?"

"I don't know. I don't know, but—" He took the letter from his pocket but did not look at it. "Will you read it to me, John?" he asked.

I took it from him.

"It's signed Joe Weatherly," I said. "Does that mean anything to you?"

"No. No. Read it," he said. He played with a button on his jacket while I read.

Dear Frank:

I can imagine how agitated you were to have written to me while I was on vacation. Maybe I have all the understanding and intelligence you credit me with, because I know just what caused you to write. I know that your wife has been hostile in her attitude, that she has shut you out of her secret thoughts, that she's made cryptic and nasty cracks, and that you feel you don't deserve any of it.

But that wasn't why you wrote. You wrote because you want sympathy, but I'm afraid I can't give it. You say you're in a torment.

Well, Frank, what can I do? Whenever you've cried on my shoulder before, I've told you that you were partly at fault, that you probably rather liked being an injured party.

I've told you you ought to forget yourself and your injuries and try to understand your wife for a change. But you ran away from that solution. It was too easy, but at the same time it was too hard.

It left you with the necessity of exercising understanding when what you wanted was to brood.

Well, should I offer the same advice now? I think not. I know this is going to shock you, because I think you love your wife and I know how much you and your wife both love little Paula.

But if you cannot forget yourself for a change

and help your wife out of whatever causes her despondency, then even if it means giving up Paula, I'd recommend divorce.

Sincerely,  
Joe Weatherly.

I looked up. Frank had stopped fiddling with his button. His eyes staring into mine were large and glassy. He swallowed once, hard.

"Frank," I said, "does this letter —"

He stopped me with an upraised hand. "Go away," he said. "I'll be all right. Just leave me alone."

I got up quietly, leaving the letter on the table. I went to the bar and paid the check. When I looked back, Frank was still sitting with his hand upraised, as though he did not realise yet that I was gone.

I could see what had happened. He never had wanted a divorce, he never even had thought of a divorce. And when that letter brought him face to face with the possibility, it had been too much, and amnesia was the result. But something deep below his consciousness had remembered the alternatives: either an intelligent solution or divorce.

He was too attached to his family for divorce, so even in his sick state he had made himself resolve the difficulties in his home life.

And then this morning he telephoned me. His voice was cheerful.

"My memory started coming back while you were reading that letter," he told me. "I'm all right now. I'm much more all right than I've ever been. And, oh, I've told my wife the whole story, and we both agree it's about time a good customer like you came to our home. What about next Wednesday?"

I said next Wednesday would be fine.

"Oh, and by the way"—Frank was laughing—"my wife's name is Paula. The same as my daughter's."

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**'A heel blister! — Just my luck!'**



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## Dress Sense by Betty Keep

**TEEN-AGERS'** dance wear, design for a moire frock, a winter ensemble are dress questions dealt with this week.

**"AS** a fashion-conscious group of teen-age girls, we are anxious to know if the fashion of a separate skirt and blouse for dancing is correct. We live in a small country community and local dances are our chief social functions. Last summer we all wore floral dirndls with white blouses. Do you think the fashion would still look correct?"

"Separates" will solve your fashion problem perfectly. But as you have worn the fashion for some time it would be advisable to have some fresh ideas on the theme.

Wear your skirt approximately six inches from the ground, and instead of a floral material have it made in a plain, dark color—perhaps a navy or deep purple in linen or taffeta—finished with a white lingerie petticoat ruffle to show at the hemline. The blouse could then be made in sheer white cotton with a ruffle outlining the low oval neckline. Or you could have the skirt in black taffeta, draped up to show a printed petticoat ruffle, and the blouse in the same print, high-necked and sleeveless, and finished with a cape collar.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



LACE HEAD-DRESS, with mittens to match, for a bridesmaid.

### Design for moire

**"I** HAVE seven yards of stiffish dark green moire silk I would like to make into a ballet-length dinner dress or a dressy suit. Which of these two designs would be most suitable for the material, and how do you suggest I should have it made?"

Moire silk would be perfect for either design. If you decide on the dress, have it made with a moulded bodice finished with a low, rounded bertha collar and below-elbow-length sleeves. Have as much fullness in the skirt as your material will allow, and the skirt cut straight in front with the fullness at the back. If you decide to have a suit, I suggest a fitted round-hipped jacket and a perfectly straight skirt.

### Lace head-dress

**"FOR** my marriage in the spring my bridesmaids' dresses are to be made in pinky-mauve organza with matching lace yokes and lace sleeves. We bought more lace than will be needed for the dresses, so I wondered if it could be utilised for the head-dresses. What color in flowers would you suggest?"

The extra lace could be made into an effective head-dress with short mittens to match. "Drape the lace softly over the head, hoodwise, and repeat the soft drape of the scarf in the flare of the mitten cuff. Bouquets of white flowers would look pretty and unusual with the pinky-mauve bridesmaids' frocks.

### Color scheme

**"MY** winter ensemble consists of a box overcoat and a tailored suit made in navy-and-white tweed. I would like advice about color and style for a wool dress to wear with the overcoat, and a blouse and hat."

Raspberry-jam-red, a lovely shade of bright, pinky red, would be a fresh new color for a dress. As the coat is boxy, the dress will look best made on slim lines. Have the bodice top moulded with sloping shoulder-line and well-pulled-in waistline, the skirt a slim flare. For the suit blouse I advise yellow ochre made with a tucked bosom and little turnover collar. Wear hat, gloves, bag, and shoes all in navy-blue. Choose a small hat, a beret or a pillbox type, wear it flat on your head and tilted slightly forward, and tie it on with chiffon streamers—two sets, one to match the dress, the other to match the blouse.



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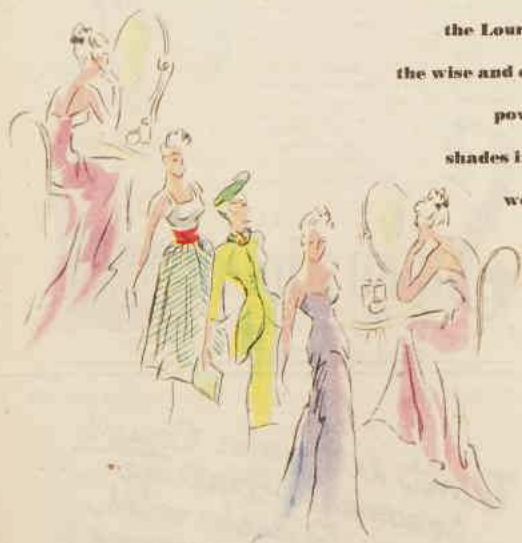




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# Tomorrow's Looks

By CAROLYN EARLE,  
Our Beauty Expert

● There is a Russian saying: "Old age is no joyride." Thinking of it reminds me that nowadays one sees comparatively few women who look really aged.

**T**HE fact that our average life span has been extended 16 years since 1900 and that more attention is paid to health may help to explain why now we see "elderly" rather than "old" women.

Once charm was regarded as belonging only to youth. But now the whole beauty industry revolves round the older woman. There are preparations and methods to help her skin, her hair, and her figure, all devised to maintain her appearance at a time when the body is inclined to slump.

Faces are first to show advancing years. There are lax muscles round the chin and throat that let one down woefully, if permitted. Complexions fade, too.

Good creams and lotions help to freshen drying skin. Face muscles can be kept firm by hand massage or by special appliances for brisk patting.

Not everyone has much time to devote to these problems, but here is one simple routine for women old enough to have high-school daughters:

Cleanse the face and throat twice daily with cream, patting afterwards with chilly tonic. Treat the skin round the eyes gently, because it's thin in this area.

When the nightly ablutions are finished is an ideal time for an underchin workout. A set of chins is as ageing as wrinkles.

A brisk slapping motion, one hand-back following the other, wrists held loosely, will stimulate circulation and firm a sagging chin.

It's not necessary to beat your self black and blue; the light touch plus constant repetition, five minutes nightly, will do the trick.

While we're chin-chatting, how



FLOWERS to wish her "many happy returns." Birthdays hold no terrors for the woman who keeps up her beauty care.

about a few words on how to hold the head. There are doubtless many ways of holding the head to try to camouflage a dropped chinline; we'll mention two—both wrong. The first is the thrust-forward method, head leading the entire body; the second is tucking in the chin like a turkey gobbler when reading or looking down—a sure way to ruin even the firmest of chins.

The right way, of course, is the head balanced upward as though carrying a basket of eggs on the top, Balinese fashion.

Diet and exercise will keep curves in the right proportions.

Between the two extremes of eating too much and not enough lies the happy medium, the well-balanced diet, rich in vitamins, minerals, and proteins, and low in fat and carbohydrates or starches.

Overeating, especially of fats and starches in the form of rich desserts and pastries, will put weight on almost anybody; but as we become older weight becomes a progressively greater burden, so it is possibly better to be slightly underweight, rather than overweight.

Walking is an exercise within the scope of most women. It may be leisurely, with rest stops in between; fatigue should be avoided.

The older figure often looks stiff and heavy from the waist down. There are exercises to combat this.

One woman I know said: "I feel such a fool wiggling my hips, even in private, at my age." Foolish as you may feel, hip-limbering is excellent to counter that "set" look. Stretching the muscles by swaying the body upwards from the waist is a good exercise for any woman, and calls for little exertion.

Another way to get rid of bulges round the hips is to brace the buttocks against a table or seat. Swing as far as possible to left, return to centre, and then swing to the right.

These exercises done regularly will help you literally to grow old gracefully.

## Prepare for spring

● While the cold weather lasts, get the garden into shape for spring.

**C**UT back all chrysanthemums to within an inch of the ground, removing the old wood to the incinerator.

If the plants have made good basal growths or suckers, lift with the fork, divide carefully with a sharp knife, and set the rooted pieces out in well-manured soil.

Chrysanthemums work hard when in flower and take a lot out of the soil; therefore it pays to lift and divide them each year, replanting them in fresh soil in the open or back into their old places after the ground has been given some compost or decayed manure.

Michaelmas daisies, pentstemons, golden rod, and most other woody perennials should be similarly treated without delay.

Don't let weeds go to seed in winter, particularly chick weed, winter grass, pig weed, petty spurge, and others of similar nature and habits.

Keep the lawn trimmed short during winter, and as spring ap-

proaches and clover and trefoils appear in patches dust them with dry, well-crushed sulphate of ammonia and leave this chemical on for several days unwatered. The plants will die and turn yellow and may then be pulled out easily.

Go through the bush-house and remove all dead fronds from ferns, paying particular attention to those showing scale. Soft-foliaged ferns will not withstand sprayings of white oil for scale control, and heavily infested fronds are best removed and burned.

If southern and westerlies cause damage to soft bush-house plants, such as rex begonias, gloxinias, and primulas stretch sheets of coarse, strong hessian on the windward sides. This usually breaks the force of these cold winds and gives the plants just the amount of protection they require.

Pergolas, fences, lattice, and garden stakes will also benefit from some winter attention—and a coat of paint.—Our Home Gardener.

## Kidney Trouble Causes Backache, Puffy Ankles

If you're feeling out o-sorts, have Interrupted Sleep, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy, and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

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# SIMPLE CAKES in Fancy Dress

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

- Economical cake recipes given on this page require a minimum of butter and eggs.

**TWO** eggs and four ounces of margarine or butter will make the tutti-frutti ring cake and one dozen coconut jelly cakes.

## TUTTI FRUTTI RING CAKE

Two ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda dissolved in 1 cup milk, 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 cup walnuts, 1 cup raisins.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar, add whole egg, mix well. Add raisins and walnuts. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, salt, and cocoa alternately with milk and soda. Turn into greased 6in. ring-tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold, ice as follows:—

**Peppermint Icing:** Six tablespoons icing sugar, 1 teaspoon butter melted in 1 dessertspoon hot milk, few drops peppermint essence.

Place sifted icing sugar into small saucepan. Using a wooden spoon, mix to a smooth paste with melted butter and hot milk. Add peppermint essence, warm to spreading consistency over low heat. Coat cake thinly, allow to set. When firm, coat with Mocha frosting.

**Mocha Frosting:** Eight ounces icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 1 des-

sertspoon boiling water, walnuts to decorate.

Sift icing sugar with cocoa, place into small saucepan. Mix to a smooth paste with coffee essence and boiling water. Warm to spreading consistency over low heat. Coat cake, smoothing frosting with knife dipped in hot water. Decorate with walnut halves.

## COCONUT JELLY CAKES

Two ounces margarine or butter, 3oz. sugar, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, warmed apricot jam, colored coconut, mock cream, chopped jelly (made up using 1 usual quantity of water), few cherries.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Spoon into greased patty-tins, bake 10 to 12 minutes in hot oven (450deg. F.). Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, cut a slice from top of each, scoop centres slightly. Brush sides with warmed apricot jam, roll in colored coconut. Fill centres with chopped jelly, add a dab of mock cream. Decorate with cherries. Makes 1 dozen.

**To Color Coconut:** Place desired quantity of coconut in a cup. Add a few drops of food coloring, stir briskly with teaspoon until coconut is evenly colored.



FROSTING, jelly, coconut, nuts, plus a little imagination and time, turn economical plain cake mixtures into luscious party fare. See recipes on this page for tutti-frutti ring cake and coconut jelly cakes.

## Progress prizes in our £2000 cookery contest

- The six recipes published on this page have been awarded £5 each in our £2000 cookery contest. Send us your recipes—now!

**EVERY** week during the currency of this contest, six progress prizes will be awarded for the best recipes of the week.

Australian housewives enjoy an enviable reputation for their knowledge of good dishes, for their versatility, originality, and culinary prowess.

Here, then, is the wonderful opportunity for you to share your culinary skill with other housewives and win acclaim as well as handsome cash prizes.

Please start sending your entries straight away. This will facilitate work of selection and judging, and also give you the opportunity of winning our progress prizes.

See page 34 for further details of our £2000 cookery competition.

### NORWEGIAN CREAM WITH GOLDEN SAUCE

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup unsweetened condensed milk or cream (sweetened condensed milk may be used, reducing sugar to 1/2 cup), 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Separate yolks from whites of eggs, beat yolks with sugar, add milk. Stir over boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Cool

slightly, fold in gelatine softened in water. Stir until dissolved. When cool and beginning to thicken, fold in whipped cream or condensed milk, vanilla, and lemon rind. Lastly fold in egg-whites beaten stiffly with salt. Pour into wetted mould, chill until firm. Unmould and serve with golden sauce, or omit sauce and serve with cold stewed fruit.

**Sauce:** Half cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour.

Blend cornflour with orange juice, add all other ingredients. Simmer 3 or 4 minutes, allow to become cold.

**Progress Prize of £5 to Miss N. Lane, 173 Tudor St., Hamilton, New-castle, N.S.W.**

### STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

Three green peppers, 4 rashers diced bacon or 1 cup diced ham, 1/2 cups cooked, drained spaghetti, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup grated cheese, 1/2 cups tomato puree, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 sliced tomato, little extra grated cheese, parsley to garnish.

Wash and dry peppers (red peppers may be substituted for green). Remove stem, cut in halves lengthwise. Remove seeds and membrane. Drop into boiling salted water. Simmer 5 minutes, drain well. Place bacon in small pan, shake pan occasionally while bacon browns

lightly over steady heat. If ham is used, add a small quantity butter or fat. Add crumbs and stir while mixture cooks a further 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add spaghetti, cheese, tomato puree, salt, and cayenne. Fill into cases, top with sliced tomato and grated cheese. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Garnish with parsley, serve hot.

**Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Stirling, 2 Ewinton St., Balmain, N.S.W.**

### CINNAMON CREAM SPONGE

Two dessertspoons butter or margarine, 1 cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2 dessertspoons cinnamon, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, mock cream, whipped cream, or lemon filling.

Cream butter or margarine with sugar. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well. Add golden syrup. Sift flour, cinnamon, and salt three times. Fold into mixture alternately with soda dissolved in milk. Turn into two greased 7in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold, sandwich with mock cream, whipped cream, or lemon filling. Top may be iced with lemon-flavored warm icing, and dusted with cinnamon.

**Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. T. Pierson, 9 Valetta St., Moss Vale, N.S.W.**

### NOODLE RING WITH CREAMED CHICKEN

**Noodle Ring:** Half-pound noodles (or spaghetti), 2 eggs, 1 cup soft

white breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

**Creamed Chicken:** One tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 cups milk, 2 cups diced, cooked chicken, 2 tablespoons diced ham, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and cayenne pepper to taste.

**Noodle Ring:** Drop noodles into boiling, salted water. Cook quickly until quite soft. Drain, add milk, beaten eggs, and all other ingredients. Turn into greased ring mould, stand in dish of hot water. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until firm and set—about 45 minutes. Unmould carefully on to hot serving-dish, fill centre with creamed chicken. Garnish with parsley, serve hot.

**Creamed Chicken:** Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in all other ingredients, fill into noodle ring.

**Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. J. Heang, 71 Sturt St., Townsville, Qld.**

### SAVORY CARROT TARTLETS

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 3 medium-sized carrots, 2oz. margarine or butter, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 2 teaspoons grated onion, 3 tablespoons grated cheese or 2 dessertspoons peanut butter, parsley to garnish.

Roll shortcrust thinly, cut with floured cutter, line patty-tins. Wash and scrape carrots, grate on vegetable grater. Place in saucepan, add margarine or butter. Stir over

### APRICOT AND WALNUT LOAF

Half-cup dried apricots, 1/2 cups self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1oz. margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Wash apricots well, soak overnight or simmer 5 to 10 minutes in small quantity of water. Drain, chop into small pieces. Sift flour, salt, and soda. Rub in shortening, add sugar, apricots, and walnuts. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 40 to 50 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, slice and spread with butter or cream cheese.

**Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. E. Hadley, Albion Hill, Inverell, N.S.W.**

low heat 5 minutes without allowing to brown. Add milk, cover and simmer gently until carrots are soft enough to mash, and beat to a smooth cream. Add egg-yolks, stir over low heat 3 or 4 minutes without allowing to boil. Fold in salt, pepper, onion, cheese or peanut butter. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill into pastry-cases, bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Garnish with parsley, serve piping hot. If liked, remaining egg-white may be beaten stiffly with pinch salt, seasoned with grated cheese, and piled on to tarts. Five to 10 minutes further cooking in very moderate oven will be necessary to set and brown the topping.

**Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Goode, 62 Pleasant Ave., Plympton, S.A.**





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**BRIMFUL  
with CREAM**  
... when Trufood  
is in the pantry.



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**TRUFOOD FULL CREAM**  
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The money-saving 3 lb. tin

**IN TWO SIZES**  
And the handy 12 oz. makes 4 pints

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**SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT AND COD LIVER OIL is back!**



**H**OORAY! Now they'll be fit and well during bleak winter months, for the genuine SAUNDERS' MALT AND COD LIVER OIL is the palatable way to ensure ample vitamins for internal warmth... the safeguard against winter weaknesses.

All Chemists & Stores

Deluge of entries

## Our Grand £2000 Cookery Contest

● Our wonderful offer of £1000 cash for a model food budget and menu plan and £1000 in cash for best recipes has greatly delighted housewives all over Australia.

Entries are pouring in with every mail. Preceding issues have given in full detail the rules and conditions applying to the two main sections. Here they are in brief form:—

### SECTION 1

To win the grand champion prize of £1000 you are asked to submit a model family budget and menu plan for a week for a family of four—comprising husband, wife, son and daughter of school age.

A competitor may choose one of four weekly amounts on which to base her model food budget. These amounts are: £3, £3/10/-, £4, £4/10/-, to cover the cost of food used.

Set out menu plan for breakfast, lunch (packed and/or served at home), and dinner for 7 consecutive days, commencing Sunday.

Give detailed recipes for main dishes listed in each dinner menu. Attach statement giving details of quantities and cost of foodstuffs for each meal. All foods, including home-grown fruits and vegetables, must be accounted for in the budget and costed at the retail prices operating in your district.

IN AWARDED THE £1000 PRIZE THE JUDGES WILL CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING POINTS:

- Best possible use made of amount of money available for food.
- Menus planned to provide the correct nutritional balance.
- Due consideration given to age of children, seasonable supplies, and local climatic conditions.
- Greatest possible variety provided within the limit of one week's menus.
- Provision made for economical stove management—e.g., using oven to full capacity, not heating it for one dish only.
- Provision made for use of left-overs.

### SECTION 2

£1000 in prizes for recipes for cakes, meats, desserts, pastries, and scones, etc. These prizes will be awarded in the following classes:

**Class 1.—Cakes** CHAMPION PRIZE, £50. This prize will be awarded for the best cake recipe of whatever type. The recipe which wins this prize will not be eligible for any other prize.

—Fruit Cake: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

—Sponge Cake: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

—Novelty Cake: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

—Butter or Substitute Cake: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

—Small Cakes or Cookies: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

**Class 2.—Meats** First Prize, £25, for best economy

meat dish sufficient for family of 2 adults and 3 children. Second Prize, £5.

**Class 3.—Desserts** First Prize, £25, for best

hot dessert (other than pastry) sufficient for family of 2 adults and 3 children. Second Prize, £5.

First Prize, £25, for best cold dessert (other than pastry) sufficient for family of 2 adults and 3 children. Second Prize, £5.

**Class 4.—Pastry** First Prize, £25, for best savory

pie or tart. Second Prize, £5. First Prize, £25, for best sweet pie or tart. Second Prize, £5.

**Class 5.—Various** Scones, or Tea-cakes, or Nut

Roll, or Fruit Roll. First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

**CONDITIONS ARE EASY**—You may enter as many recipes as you wish in Section 2. Only one entry may be submitted by each competitor for the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 (Section 1).

Ingredients to be listed in the order in which they are used; exact weights and/or measurements to be given in level cups, level tablespoons, etc.

Write out recipes clearly on one side of paper only, giving on each page full name and address (including State), and indicating section and class in which recipe is entered.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical, and economical.

Contest closes September 18. Results announced in early November.

Address your entries to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Mark the envelope £2000 Recipe Contest.

### £200 in consolation prizes

IN addition to the big final awards, 100 Consolation Prizes of £2 each will be given for recipes chosen from the various sections.

£30 EVERY WEEK IN PROGRESS PRIZES

During the progress of the competition, regular weekly cash prizes for recipes will be increased to six Progress Prizes of £5 each, awarded for good recipes. These progress prize-winning recipes remain eligible for the final judging.

See this week's Progress Prize awards on Page 33.

In its second edition . . .

### "YOU AND YOUR BABY"

THE first edition of "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse, sold out quickly, and now the second edition is meeting with equal success.

Sister Mary Jacob has received many congratulatory letters from doctors, child welfare centres, from the matrons of children's hospitals in Australia and New Zealand, and from mothers everywhere.

Copies of her book have not only gone to mothers and young mothers-to-be in our more populated areas, but to the isolated areas in every State, including the Northern Territory and Tasmania, and to New Zealand, New Guinea, North Borneo, Tokio (Japan), New Delhi (India).

A copy of Sister Mary Jacob's 68-page book of complete mothercraft, "You and Your Baby," can be obtained by forwarding a postal note for 7/6, plus 4d. in stamps for postage, to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Names and addresses must be printed clearly in block letters.

### Eating Plenty—get starving?

It's not the amount of food you eat that keeps you alive. You can consume large quantities of the wrong sort of food, without gaining any nutritional value.

A diet lacking in essential vitamins and minerals can have only one result: ill health.

To be fit and full of 'go' to resist winter epidemics your body must have a regular diet that includes an intake of vitamin B. You can obtain this source of health and vigour through Bemax. This pleasant Baky tonic food is rich in Vitamin B and essential minerals such as Iron and Phosphorus. Research has proved that a daily tablespoonful of Bemax, sprinkled over breakfast cereal, porridge or stewed fruit, will make good the lack of Vitamin B which results in many serious ailments.

Sleeplessness, Depression, Lack of Appetite, and Digestive Troubles

all indicate vitamin starvation. Give your body the vitamins it needs through Bemax. Build up health and energy with nature's own source of vigour.

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A NATURAL VITAMIN SUPPLEMENT

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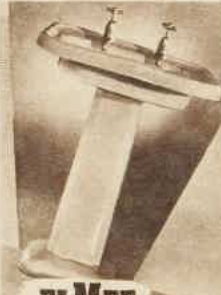
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with nothing on a lady—excepting nothing in a gown of lace—definitely finished—tastefully touched with a touch of lace—delightful and divine in your lingerie—well made—high-class—slip—half slip—underwear.

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**A.S. Griffin**  
AVAILABLE AT ALL GOOD STORES



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*Vitaeous*  
WALL & PEDESTAL HAND BASINS  
AVAILABLE ALL RETAILERS IN VARIOUS ATTRACTIVE COLORS

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TINTS AND DYES  
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Bill's mother praises  
the qualities of

**Duralife**

which makes  
his present  
doubly  
acceptable



**Duralife**

**SOLID DRAWN**

**Aluminium  
Kitchenware**



**B**ILL picked "Duralife"! From his childhood to his marriage he'd heard his mother sing the praises of this wonderful kitchenware almost every time she cooked a meal. He'd played drums and trains with her "Duralife" pots and pans when only a little fellow. Like his mother, he KNOWS their strength and durability... how they stand up to the hardest usage. Why? Because "Duralife" "Kitchen Companions" are solid-drawn from a heavy gauge aluminium — 99% PURE. There's an average of more than 20% extra of this pure metal in "Duralife" than can be used in the old spun process... and, because they're solid-drawn the articles are harder, stronger, longer lasting; walls are thick, heavy, resilient... keep straight and upright through years of use. Lids are hygienically designed... have no crevices for dirt or germs... are solid and strong... fit tightly. Colourful knobs and handles are not only attractive, but heat-proof... Yes, Bill's a good picker and so is anyone else who chooses "Duralife" kitchenware — for qualities that make a Life-Time Companion.



**SOLID DRAWN  
DURALIFE SAUCEPANS**

1½, 2½, 3, 4, and 7 pt.

are guaranteed for 3 years — the attractive heat-proof plastic knobs and handles are available in several colours. The "Duralife" range includes saucepans, 14 pt. boilers, lip-saucepans, coffee percolators, cutlet pans, testpans, and patent cookers.



**SOLID DRAWN  
INVINCIBLE SAUCEPANS**

1½, 2½, 3, 4, and 6 pt.

have the same outstanding qualities as "Duralife," but are lighter. The "Invincible" range includes saucepans, settlers, colanders, graduated measures, canister sets, blenders, cake tins, hot water bottles, and cutlet pans.



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# Tragedy at 18!



**Caused by  
a gum infection that  
S.R. Toothpaste  
might have prevented**

You may think your teeth are sound—but if your gums bleed easily . . . feel soft, sore or spongy—some of those teeth may soon have to be extracted. If you want to help save your teeth, you must act at once. Use S.R.—the new kind of toothpaste which helps to guard gums against infection. S.R. Toothpaste contains Sodium Ricinoleate, which is often used in the treatment of inflamed bleeding gums and gum rot. Clean your teeth with S.R. . . . massage your gums with S.R. That will do everything a toothpaste can to keep teeth sound and sparkling-white.

## S.R. TOOTHPASTE

**HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THIS  
NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE**

SR-34, 142g

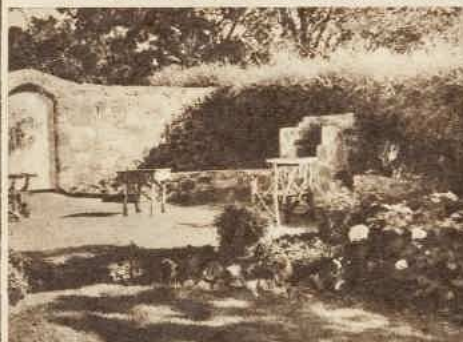
MRS. CARNEGIE (right) basking in the morning sunshine on the wide terrace of "Blue Waters," her eight-months-old home at Mornington, Victoria. The terrace, which greatly increases the livability of the home, commands a lovely view of Port Phillip Bay and its foreshores.



## Pretty home faces bay and sunrise



SECTION OF LIVING-ROOM showing long mantel, built-in bookshelves, and stone fireplace. Walls are palest eau-de-nil, floors deep mushroom, chairs and curtains are gay floral chintz.



BUILT-IN BARBECUE (above) is of stone with gaily painted garden furniture. It is protected by high and picturesque stone wall. Oval door leads to back garden.



VIEW of sun terrace shows large living-room windows which bathe the room in sunlight. Furniture is covered in gay waterproof fabric.

MRS. BIDDY CARNEGIE chose the enchanting name of "Blue Waters" for her new and charming little home at Mornington, Victoria.

Topping the Esplanade, it faces the rising sun and the waters of Port Phillip Bay.

Mrs. Carnegie designed her home, supervised its building, and planned the garden, in which she works daily. She also paved the large sun terrace and set much of the stonework in the barbecue alcove.

In good weather the house is bathed in sunshine all through the day, and even in dull weather the rooms are pleasantly bright, because of the large wall-areas of glass.—EVE GYE.



S.R.S.

and see

results  
to-night



**SHAMPOO**  
with Camilatone—for  
deep down cleansing.  
Price with Toninz, 7d.

**RINSE**  
with Toninz—puts  
sunshine in your clean,  
clean hair. Extra price, 3d.

**SET**  
with Lustral—makes  
your lovely hair so easy  
to manage. Large tube  
2/-, available everywhere.

**Camilatone**

beauty shampoo and Toninz

Puts sunshine in your hair

## Mothers Save £'s on Cough Remedy

Heenzo makes 1 PINT for 2/-

Children and adults like HEENZOO cough remedy because it's nice to take, gives instant relief and saves money. Mothers everywhere know how to save medicine bills this way. They make up with one 2/- bottle of concentrated HEENZOO and sweetened water ONE PINT of the most effective remedy for chest, nose, and throat ailments. People famous all over the world sing the praises of HEENZOO as the most economical, quick-acting remedy money can buy. Get a bottle to-day at your nearest chemist or store. Supplies are limited, so buy now.

COSTS 2/-  
SAVES £'s

**HEENZOO**



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TEETHING TIME!"**

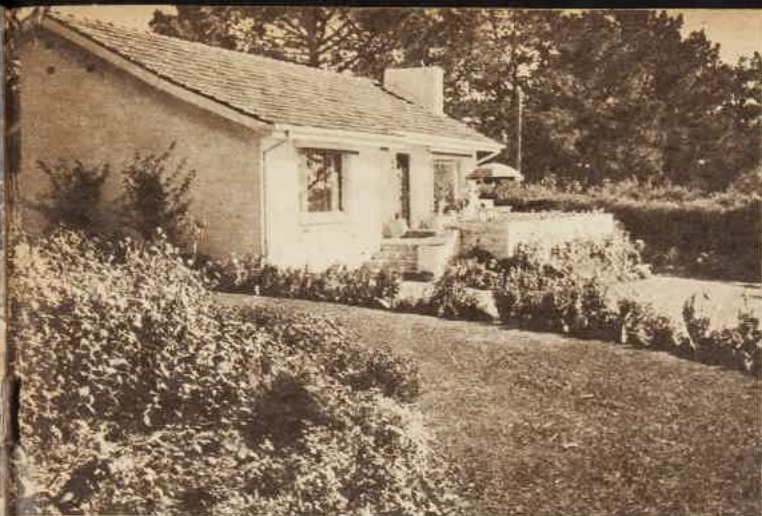
for every babe in the safest, most natural way with Martin & Pleasance Teething Powders.

They stop pain and restlessness. Keep motions gentle and regular, and the bloodstream cool. Provide Calcium for sound, healthy teeth.

For over 80 years, Mothers everywhere have insisted on

**MARTIN & PLEASANCE  
TEETHING  
POWDERS 1/6 BOX**

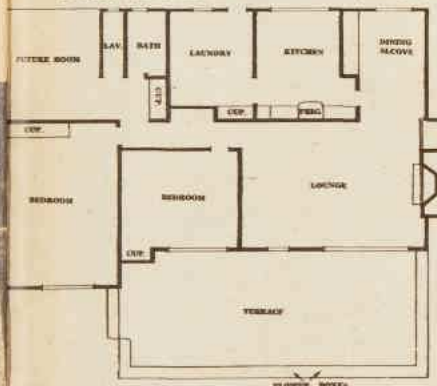




VIEW taken from side garden shows charming design of house. The low-pitched roof is covered with blue tiles. A wide gravelled drive curves the whole length of the area, with narrow garden beds on the inner circle. A pathway breaks the drive leading to the stone steps of terrace, which serves as entrance.



MAIN BEDROOM, above, has charming apple-blossom walls, ivory furniture, floral covers and curtains of sea-blue, rose, white, and pale green. White sheepskin rug covers floor. Second picture of main bedroom shows view of garden from wide windows. Curtains are drawn only at nightfall. Mrs. Carnegie allows the sun to flood all rooms in wintertime. Adjoining guest-room is delightful with its sprigged chintz furnishings.



PLAN of Mrs. Biddy Carnegie's house at Mornington, Victoria. Features: A terrace to enlarge livability, abundant indoor daylight, skilful arrangement of rooms, and cupboard space.

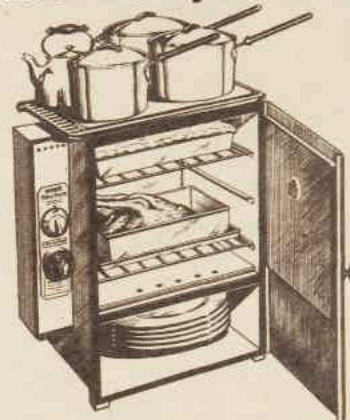


DINETTE with its natural wood suite. Shelves, sideboard set in alcove at left. Through windows can be seen the brush fence (a feature of Melbourne and Adelaide gardens), which makes a very attractive wind-break.



... on this fast modern

## "QUIRK'S" Victory electric Stove



### Outstanding in Design and Efficiency

The amazing new Quirk's Victory electric Stove has everything. It's FAST, ECONOMICAL, CLEAN, and SAFE. Whilst operating costs are 50 per cent. less, the Victory Stove embodies all the features of Electric Ranges selling at double the price.

### Note These Outstanding Features:

- Special Simmerstat Control of 5 heats on hot plate.
- 3-speed oven control.
- Inbuilt Oven Thermometer.
- Hamburger grill and saucepan high-speed hot-plate.
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N.S.W. Price: £22/9/6 (plus freight and packing).

Special Porcelain Enamelled Splash Back, if required, 15/- extra. Slightly higher price in all other States, where supplies are available from your local stores.

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229 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Phone: M3114.

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The **LEADING** Children's laxative... has no taste but delicious chocolate

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I'm jolly well taking  
**BOVRIL**  
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keeps the roses  
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**OVALTINE**  
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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

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Layette with the pattern clearly traced on material ready for you to cut out, machine, and then embroider. Material is fine quality rayon crepe-de-chine, also a fine wool mixture cloth which will launder well.

Prices: Frock 14/11. Postage 6/6d. extra. Jacket, 9/11. Postage 4/6d. extra. Nightdress, 14/11. Postage 6/6d. extra. Petticoat, 6/11. Postage 4/6d. extra. Pincers, 6/11. Postage 4/6d. extra. Complete set, 52/3. Postage 1/3/4 extra.

### No. 1057.—FROCK, BONNET, AND PANTIES

The pattern is clearly traced on material ready for you to cut out, machine, and then embroider. Material is cesora in a dainty floral pattern on cream, pale pink, and pastel-blue grounds.

Sizes: Frock, length 18in., 2 years, 14/11. 19in., 3 years, 15/6. 20in., 4 years, 16/2. 22in., 5-6 years, 16/11. Postage 6/6d. extra. Bonnet, 2 years, 4/3. 3 years, 4/9. 4 years, 5/2. 5-6 years, 5/11. Postage 4/6d. extra. Panties, 2 years, 4/11. 3 years, 5/2. 4 years, 5/9. 5-6 years, 6/3. Postage 4/6d. extra. Complete set, 2 years, 12/2. 3 years, 24/6. 4 years, 26/6. 5-6 years, 28/6. Postage 10/6d. extra.

### No. 1058.—LITTLE BOY'S JACKET AND PANTS

The pattern is clearly traced on material ready for you to cut out, machine, and then embroider. Material is good-wearing cesorella in grey, sage-blue, or brown.

Sizes: Complete set, length 18in., 2 years, 15/11. 20in., 4 years, 16/2. 22in., 5-6 years, 16/11. 27in., 7-8 years, 17/6. Postage 8/6d. extra.

### No. 1059.—THREE GUEST TOWELS

Towels are traced ready for embroidery on good quality white huckaback. Size: 17in. x 22in. Price 3/11 each. Postage 4/6d. extra.

Please Note: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1057 and 1058 make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

## Fashion PATTERNS



**F5200.**—Tiered skirt and rounded yoke are featured in this attractive one-piece. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. material. Price 1/11.

**F5201.**—Frock with unusual skirt detail and new neckline. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. material. Price 1/11.

**F5202.**—Pretty day frock with contrasting detail. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. material and ¾yd., 36in. contrast. Price 1/11.

**F5203.**—Three-piece lingerie set with lace trim. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36in. material and 4yds. lace edging for slip; 4yds., 36in. material and 8yds. lace edging for nightgown; 1yd., 36in. material and 2yds. lace edging for scanties. Price 1/6.

**F5204.**—Smart suit with pleated skirt. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Requires 1½yds., 36in. material. Price 1/11.

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 29.

*The Lady with a Line*  
THE GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY



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**Nixoderm 2/- 6/4/-**  
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

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